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The Week

WE HAVE no desire, Heaven knows, to make anyone needlessly gloomy at this season of holiday cheer; and we suggest that any reader who feels that things are just fine and dandy should skip this paragraph. For ourselves, we must admit that as we survey the state of affairs, we shouldn't be at all surprised if Santa Claus, after a similar survey, were to turn around, go back to the North Pole, lock himself into his workshop and indulge in a good cry. For who can be merry in a world like this? Geneva estimates that there are 35,000,000 people out of work in the industrialized countries, of whom at least a third are in the United States. Many of these, in several countries, and in the United States most of all, are in actual danger of starving and some have starved already. The end of the depression has been predicted over and over, but a study of the available indices of business reveals no more than a seasonal improvement. American trade and industry on the average are only a iittle more than half of what they were during most of the decade before 1929. The international outlook is as discouraging as is the domestic one. The bungling of the war-debt issue, on both sides of the ocean, has fomented more bitter feeling than has existed at any time since the close of the War. American officials are being guarded by police as they ride through the streets of Paris; fantastic proposals for punishing the defaulting debtors are heard in the halls of our Congress. Meanwhile, the danger of armed conflict in various parts of the world continues to be serious. There is an undeclared war actually going on in the Gran Chaco, in South America; there is another one in Manchuria, and the resumption of diplomatic relations between China and Russia has frightened and angered the Japanese until the inauguration of hostilities on a much greater scale is entirely within the bounds of possibility. In western Europe, the German-Polish situation is made more critical by the character of the present German government, drawn from the chauvinistic militarists. Clearly, the only man who can say "Merry Christmas!" wholeheartedly is one who has spent the last few years in bed with the covers pulled over him.

THE Senate last week passed a bill for Philippine independence. Since the House adopted a similar measure some months ago, the two bills will now go to conference, and the final form of the proposal is expected to come up to President Hoover for action before the end of this session. That he will veto the bill is considered certain; and there is no doubt that he ought to do so. The New Republic has consistently supported Philippine independence for many years, and still does; but the bill which passed the Senate is so bad that it is hard to believe anything could be done to it in conference to make it acceptable. It suggests a twelve-year period before independence becomes effective, but it would limit Philippine trade with the United States, and curtail immigration, long before the end of that time. The plebiscite which the original Hawes-Cutting bill proposed, to be held some years hence, has disappeared; the Filipinos would vote almost at once upon a proposed Constitution, and would doubtless swallow that Constitution, no matter how bad it might be, for fear a rejection of it would lose them their chance of freedom. The restrictions upon their trade with us would mean strangu-

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lation for the archipelago's economic life, which would not be the case if tariffs were increased little by little over a long term of years. Everyone knows that the action of Congress is not based on morality, or justice, or the promise made in the Jones Act; it is based upon the objection of American producers to the competition of Philippine sugar, hemp and other products which now come in duty-free. But there is no reason why their selfishness should take the form of national swinishness.

FOR the last few months, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has had three main jobs, under its charter from Congress. One of these has been to put one and a half billion dollars into circulation as quickly as possible for "self-liquidating public works." Another has been to lend up to three hundred millions to the states for relief work. Another has been to continue its loans to banks, railroads, insurance companies and other institutions to stave off bankruptcy. What the R.F.C. has done has been to continue wholeheartedly the third of these duties—so wholeheartedly that if its operations are made the subject of a senatorial investigation, as they probably will be, the revelations will startle the country. In regard to the first two tasks imposed by Congress, however, the R.F.C. has engaged in a deliberate policy of sabotage. It has loaned for public works less than a tenth of the funds at its disposal; it has set impossibly high interest rates; it has made all sorts of pettifogging objections to plans brought before it. Similarly, it has loaned to the states far less than has been asked, and has haggled interminably over bookkeeping methods and other matters. Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York was well justified, therefore, in pleading this week for liberalization of the R.F.C.'s operations.

SENATOR Wagner made several useful proposals. He asked that the fund available for loans to the states be increased beyond the present $300,000,000, on the ground that much more will be needed. He asked a special fund of $10,000,000 to use in rehabilitating several hundred thousand homeless boys, and even some girls, who are now drifting around the country, victims of the depression. He would modify the provision for "self-liquidating" projects, which practically requires that borrowers have the power of prophecy, and would let states and cities borrow for enterprises which are "necessary and economically sound"—which should certainly be all that is required. He would speed up the work of the R.F.C. by putting relief funds into the hands of a special committee of three competent persons, instead of the entire personnel of the corporation's board as at present. He would reduce the present ridiculously high interest rate on loans for public works, until it is one-half of one percent higher than the rate paid by the federal government for its most recent long-term bonds. These are all sound proposals, and Congress ought to adopt them. Mr. Hoover, of course, is the inspiration of the R.F.C.'s tactics of sabotage; but even he would hesitate a long time before he would veto such a bill, in the country's present plight.

IN A communication which appears in this issue of The New Republic, Mr. Smith Simpson suggests that Governor Roosevelt might profitably use the time before he is inaugurated as President in a visit to Europe, during which he could be informed at first hand about the many international problems with which he has to deal. The advantages of such a procedure are set forth skillfully by Mr. Simpson and we shall not repeat them here. Everything, of course, is comparative; and Mr. Roosevelt in considering this suggestion will have to weigh it in the balance against the use he might make of the same time here at home. If he were to devote it to seeing a great crowd of political callers, 95 percent of whom would be looking for jobs for themselves or their friends, he could certainly go abroad with advantage to himself and the country. On the other hand it must be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt is being pitchforked into the field of national and international affairs with which he has had little to do for the past twelve years. He has to shape his policy in regard to a whole series of desperately urgent problems, both at home and abroad. He needs to absorb, probably, as much information as the average college student acquires in a four-year course; he has to be sure that it is correct and, most important of all, he must make up his mind what action he will take on a basis of this information. More than anything else, he needs to lock himself up alone and think. If he will only do so, he can get more enlightenment out of staying at home than he possibly could out of a hectic holiday abroad where his every footstep would be dogged by expert special pleaders of special causes.

EARLY in December, Mr. S. L. Rothafel—Roxy to you—flatly and imperiously rejected three pieces of sculpture designed for the Radio City International Music Hall, of which he is lessee. The three statues, executed by Robert Laurent, Gwen Lux and William Zorach, had been approved by a special committee serving under the architects of Radio City, by the designer of the interiors and by the representatives of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the owner. In spite of protests from all these, and from several art organizations as well, Roxy refused to reinstate the statues. He has tried to justify his stand by a series of newspaper statements indicating (a) that he rejected the three pieces because they are nudes, (b) that he did not reject them because they are nudes, but because they are "modern," and (c) that he really rejected them because they are unpleasant and have a negative esthetic effect on him. He declares that, although he is not an art critic, he represents his

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public; his choice is theirs. But can Roxy be so sure of his box-office judgment? During the last three years it has become evident that those who dominate the theatrical and motion-picture industries have either underestimated or mistaken the needs of the public. Purple passion and no ideas, dramas without drama, theatres without taste, vaudeville without freshness, films cut and stitched after the Prince Charming pattern—all these have been leading producers and managers and lessees toward the welcoming hands of the receivers. Meanwhile there are examples to show that good shows and films dealing with subjects that people care about can still draw capacity houses. The International Music Hall has six thousand seats to fill. If this great entertainment venture lags behind the public, a lot of them will be empty.

IN LAST week's New Republic we commented on the motion picture, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," which was based on the experiences of R. E. Burns. This man, whose story is told in his book, "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang" (Vanguard), was a war veteran, drifting around the United States from place to place when he was arrested in Georgia for a trifling offense. Given a long sentence to the chain gang, he escaped, made his way to Chicago, and there became a respected business man with a large income. Betrayed by a jealous woman, he waived extradition and returned to Georgia on the promise that he would receive only nominal punishment. Georgia broke its word, so he escaped again, and once more made his way north. While in hiding he wrote his book, and aided in turning it into a brilliant motion picture, one of the finest of the past year. Now he has been arrested again, in New Jersey, where he had recently been making open, public appearances under his own name. Georgia is trying to get him back once more, with the grim implication that he will be caused to suffer amply for having made something of a laughing stock of the state's penal system. Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey is being flooded with letters asking him not to grant extradition, and there is some evidence that he may refuse to do so. (The situation is complicated by the fact that New York police claim Burns is wanted in that state on an old charge of forgery, an accusation which he denies.) Needless to say, the Governor of Georgia is overlooking the chance of a lifetime to make a fine stroke for himself and his state. If he would publicly announce that the object of imprisonment being reform, and Burns having obviously reformed, the state has no desire to cause him senseless suffering and sets him free, he would do much to rehabilitate the Deep South in the eyes of public opinion, shocked by the Scottsboro case and other events of recent years.

WHILE we hope Burns does not have to go back to the chain gang, we regret the fact that public attention has so centered upon his special case, and has so largely ignored the system of which he is only one victim. The chain gang as it exists in Georgia and other states is a survival of barbarism. Hundreds of other men who in the true sense are no more guilty of crime than was Burns, have served and are serving today outrageous sentences, subjected to deliberate torture and sometimes paying with their lives for the slightest attempt to assert themselves. Particularly hard is the lot of Negroes who, as our readers know, are often picked up when entirely innocent, sentenced on a fictitious charge and given their choice of serving on the chain gang or being forced to work out the amount of a fine which has been paid for them by some plantation owner. The issue of the Burns case is a thousand times less important than the evil itself; yet human nature is such that for every person who can be persuaded to think about these conditions in general, there will be a thousand to applaud or oppose Burns's fight for freedom, and forget the whole matter as soon as that fight is decided.

ONE of the signs of a period of turbulence and change is the appearance of numerous new periodicals, devoted to the ideas of an individual or a group. These non-commercial or semi-commercial magazines do not usually last very long; but they sometimes have an influence out of proportion to the brevity of their careers. Two recent arrivals in the American publishing field, for which we hope a longer life than has been granted to so many of their predecessors, are Americana and Common Sense. Americana, after appearing several times as a monthly magazine of satirical drawings, has now launched forth into savagely satirical prose and verse as well, much of which is of excellent quality. Common Sense is a new fortnightly, of which the guiding spirit is Alfred Bingham, son of Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut, but very far from sharing his father's orthodox Republican views. Common Sense is an endeavor to popularize the doctrine that this country needs a drastic redistribution of wealth and opportunity; and if it can survive the fatal first few months when the mortality among newborn magazines is so high, it promises to aid effectively in a job which greatly needs to be done.

THE Saturday Evening Post, which is the leading spokesman for self-destructive nationalism, has inaugurated a "Buy American" campaign, in imitation of the Tory slogan in England; and it launched this campaign in an article by Samuel G. Blythe, which is almost a world's record for bad thinking and economic misinformation. It is the quaint notion of Mr. Blythe and The Saturday Evening Post that foreign trade consists exclusively of foreigners sending goods here and taking our money away, as its cartoons show us, in bales. This process causes cobwebs to grow across the doors of the American factories which would otherwise have produced these goods. Have these

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gentlemen any suggestion as to how foreigners shall pay for the goods they buy, or could buy, from us? Do they know that in 1929 foreigners bought 55 percent of our year's output of cotton, 41 percent of our tobacco, 33 percent of our lard, 18 percent of our wheat, 36 percent of our copper, 35 percent of our kerosene, 31 percent of our lubricating oils, 40 percent of our typewriters, 29 percent of our printing machinery, 28 percent of our sewing machines, 23 percent of our agricultural machinery, 21 percent of our locomotives, 14 percent of our passenger automobiles? If there is a disadvantage in mutual buying and selling, we respectfully suggest that The Post put up an insurmountable tariff wall about Independence Square, Philadelphia. Then it could buy at home to its heart's content, and we should never have to see it again.

Notes on the French Default

THE LOGIC BEHIND THE EMOTION. The Chamber of Deputies voted not to pay the December 15 instalment, not because France could not pay it, but because they did not want her to do so. Economic considerations played a part, of course—it would be more difficult to go on paying than to pay this time. But the principal consideration was political. The Deputies represented the sentiment of the French people against the calmer judgment of Herriot. How do they justify their determination not to pay? It is a perfectly simple train of logic, going back fifteen years. Germany caused the War, and Germany should pay for it. Reparations must therefore be depended upon to meet debt charges. Twice—in the Dawes plan and the Young plan—the United States took a leading part in writing down reparations. (Distinctions between official and unofficial actions do not make much impression on popular opinion.) The Hoover moratorium, proclaimed without previous consultation with France, stopped reparations receipts. It was an act calculated, in part, to save private American investments in Germany. The Laval visit to Washington followed, and the general understanding of the Laval-Hoover entente was that if Europe should put her own financial house in order, then the United States would coöperate. As a result, the Lausanne agreement virtually canceled reparations—ratification of the agreement being dependent on whether satisfactory debt adjustments could be made with the United States. France, having done her share, finds the United States suddenly blind and deaf.

The logic is, that if the United States pretends not to be interested in reduction of reparations, then she has not acted according to her pretenses; that if she was interested in a reduction of the German burden, then she ought to make a corresponding concession to France, which had a right to collect from Germany.

No American who thinks that there is no economic difficulty about the payment of debts ought to blame the French public for not understanding why they could not collect from Germany. Nor can many Congressmen claim exemption from the delusion of German responsibility for the War. The Chamber of Deputies had at least as good an excuse for voting default as the Congress has had for demanding payment.

The Default and Disarmament. What happened furnishes proof of the statement frequently made by The New Republic that we could not use pressure for debt collection to enforce disarmament. France has been the principal obstacle to disarmament in Europe. She is armed because her people believe it necessary to be armed. She would have liked to have the United States voluntarily reduce or cancel the debt, but that concession would not mean enough to her so that in exchange for it she will suffer what her people believe to be national peril. For there is another way out of paying debts; the Chamber has just taken it.

The Default and the Farmers. Congressmen have said that they did not dare to be lenient with Allied debtors because the public sentiment of debtors in this country would not permit them. A farmer who owes a mortgage does not see why France, too, should not be made to pay. But there is a difference; France has given no mortgage. How could she be made to pay? The farmers can be dispossessed. The logic would work better if the congressional friends of the farmers had created a precedent for voluntary debt relief by being lenient with the Allies. As it is, by opposing debt relief both at home and abroad, they are playing the bankers' game. European governments can simply fail to pay, while bankers here can at least use the power of government to collect.

Effects of Default. Extremist opinion in the United States was all ready to be severe on Great Britain for asking even for reduction of debts. Then France defaulted. In order to punish France, extremist opinion veered to an inclination to deal leniently with Great Britain. The joke is that by doing so we shall benefit France far more than we should by canceling her whole debt to us, or than if France had not done something to give England this preferential position. For the greater part of France's debt is owed to Great Britain, not to us. Great Britain borrowed the money from us largely in order to lend to her Allies. And any reduction we give to Great Britain will, according to the Balfour policy, be passed on. France therefore greatly benefited herself by defaulting—though of course unintentionally. And we may even get over the childish attitude of making moral discriminations among debtors.

Default was also a piece of luck for Herriot. His Cabinet was due for a fall on internal questions. The budget was in bad shape; the depres-

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sion and governmental salary reductions had aroused resentment against him. But he fell making a bold and courageous fight on this question of honor. The succeeding Cabinet will inherit his internal difficulties. When these have blown over, and opinion about the debt has been somewhat calmed, Herriot may return in a blaze of glory.—Incidentally, neither Hoover nor any other American politician has shown the courage to defy popular prejudice in behalf of international good will which Herriot evinced in this case.

In this country, default has of course forced congressional word-slingers to sober up a bit. It emphasizes that the problem is real and must be dealt with. It puts an end to the declaration that Europe was just bluffing, and that the Allies were moved by nothing more serious than a reluctance to pay a just debt.

Hoover's Proposed Commission. Having previously decided that the questions of world economic recovery and war debts were independent, and that our delegates to the economic conference would not be empowered to discuss debts, Mr. Hoover has at last been compelled to admit that the two questions have something to do with each other. He therefore proposes the curiously backhanded procedure of appointing a commission to deal with war debts composed of the same persons who will, in other conferences, consider general economic questions and disarmament. This is a typical Hooverian compromise; it admits the connection while pretending formally not to admit it. It sets up the clumsiest possible machinery to deal with the situation, which is supposed in one breath to negotiate as if there were no connection and in another to negotiate as if there were. He also tries to involve Congress in a double attitude by at once recognizing the congressional determination not to reconstitute the Debt-Funding Commission and appointing Congressmen on the Commission to reconsider debts. The message in which he makes this proposal likewise combines sense with nonsense. Low prices are linked with depreciated currencies, and these in turn are linked with international transfers and debt obligations. Nevertheless there is no transfer problem, and we must discriminate among debtors along moral and other lines. He opposes cancellation and will not further burden American debtors. He still expects to get specific concessions in trade and disarmament for debt concessions. If only he had begun, months ago, to educate American opinion to the fact that world prosperity and debts were inextricably interwoven, and that what we need is not particular concessions, but an all-embracing program which may lead to recovery! Muddling could hardly go further than in this latest message. It does serve, however, to make breaches in an impossible and obstructive position. We hope only that President-elect Roosevelt's response will be in the direction of clarification, not further muddling.

The New Far Eastern Triangle

THE ACTION of China and Russia in resuming full diplomatic relations has altered the situation in the Far East almost overnight, and to a serious extent. The Japanese tried hard to maintain their traditional "Oriental stoicism" in the face of the news, but it was easy to see that they were totally ignorant of the new development until it was announced, and greatly disconcerted by it. Their diplomacy had recently been built around the assumption that they had Moscow in their pocket; they were talking of the immediate recognition of Manchukuo by the U. S. S. R., and were assuming that they no longer needed to keep large numbers of men along the Siberian border. But not only have China and Russia struck hands, but they made the public announcement of it at Geneva, before the eyes of the world and in the middle of Japan's desperate effort to avoid an adverse judgment by the League on her Manchurian adventure.

In retrospect, it is easy to see the motives which have impelled each of the powers involved in the new alignment. The Nanking government of China had in recent months become only an empty shell. Communists or semi-Communists control a large part of Chinese territory, and have won over to their cause, in greater or less degree, many millions of people. The anti-Communist campaigns of Nanking and Canton have been equally ineffective, despite a large loss of life (estimated by the Japanese at 100,000 men during the past year). Faced by Japan in front and the Communists in the rear, with dwindling revenues and rapidly declining prestige, the Chinese government badly needed a friend; and despite the bitter quarrel between Nanking and Moscow in recent years, Russia was the logical partner.

The U. S. S.R., on the other hand, was forced by Japanese aggressiveness to take sides in the Far Eastern situation. But a workers' government could hardly make an alliance, explicit or implicit, with such a band of Fascist adventurers as rules Japan today; and even if the U. S. S. R. had been inclined to do so, its leaders knew that Japan is in a condition of grave weakness due to the depression and the cost of the Manchurian adventure, and is fairly likely to undergo an economic collapse. Under the circumstances, all the arrows of expediency pointed toward forgetting the painful past and making friends with Nanking. We do not know what price the U. S. S. R. was able to obtain in the way of concessions by the Chinese, but it is certainly fair to assume that it was a high one.

Japan's Manchurian position seems likely to become even more difficult than heretofore. Her operations there are being hampered at every turn by Chinese "bandits" who are of course secretly aided by their compatriots in China. These

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guerilla bands, which sink into the ground as if by magic whenever they are pursued in force, and appear again the moment pursuit is abandoned, will find the new position of great value. The more Manchuria costs, the greater will be the unrest and dissatisfaction in Japan over the adventure. On the other hand, should the League of Nations continue to dodge its responsibility in regard to the Far Eastern question as it has lately been doing, Japan and China may find in Russia the third party who can bring them together in some sort of compromise arrangement which, for a few years at least, may enable them to live together without bloodshed.

Coal Diggers' Wives

EVER SINCE the United Mine Workers of America established a union twenty years ago in the coal fields of Illinois, the union members have been caught between two fires. On the one side they have been faced with the necessity of fighting the coal operators, whose efforts to lower wages and lengthen hours have been a constant source of danger. And on the other side they have been forced from the very beginning to battle corrupt and untrustworthy labor leaders who have worked hand in glove with the coal owners. In an attempt to solve their dilemma once for all, the miners have recently organized a new union, the Progressive Miners of America, which, with a membership of 31,000, is carrying on the battle in southern Illinois, not only against starvation and intolerable working conditions but also against the reactionary leaders of the old union.

It is not necessary here to go into the details of the struggle which took place this summer and fall between the old union and the new. The subject was treated at some length in our issue of September 7. However, the breach between the two unions is widening with ever increasing rapidity. Faced by what gives every sign of being one of the most desperate winters they have ever struggled through, faced also by the combined forces of the United Mine Workers, the coal-mine owners and the state militia, who are making every effort to crush the new union even at the price of bloodshed, the miners are striving desperately to build up an effective front against the impending attack. And not the least important phase of their preparations is the recent organization of the striking miners' wives into a group called the Women's Auxiliary.

This organization, which is something of an innovation in the labor movement, is fighting shoulder to shoulder with the men. Confronted by the spectacle of their half-clad and undernourished children, by slimmer and slimmer pay envelopes, by fewer work days and a desolate winter ahead of them, the women are determined to add every ounce of energy to the struggle. Though their auxiliary has been in existence only for a brief period, they have already established soup kitchens, they have collected clothing and food, they have taken part in mass demonstrations when it would have been fatal for their men to have done so, they have picketed mines, they have been gassed and slugged with baseball bats by the state militia, and meanwhile they have in every way possible extended the influence and power of the Progressive Miners.

The women first gave signs of their growing militancy during the campaign which John H. Walker, president of the U. M. W. of Illinois, was making to persuade the miners to accept this contract, which brought no reduction in hours, but a considerable reduction in pay. Previous to this campaign, Walker had spoken earnestly against wage cuts. When at Johnston City he reversed himself and advocated acceptance of the contract, he was stoned by the infuriated women. Later, when Lewis himself spoke at Benton, he found it necessary to mount machine guns on the platform and pack the hall with gunmen to protect himself, not from the miners he had betrayed, but from their wives meanwhile.

Their efforts so far have been particularly successful in those coal regions not dominated by the Peabody Coal Company, the most powerfully entrenched coal interest in the state. Numbers of operators have already broken away from the Illinois Coal Operators' Association, still under Peabody influence, some of them representing such important interests as Gould, Busch and the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Even the president of the Association recognized the new union in signing for the Gould interests. In the Belleville and the Mt. Olive-Gillespie fields, where Progressive Miners' victories have been complete, there has been no terrorism, whereas in those sections dominated by Peabody and the U. M. W. the mines bristle with the machine guns of the state militia and terrorist tactics are generally employed to enforce the contract which John L. Lewis, president of the U. M. W., made with the Peabody interests.

Medicine in the Making

THE RECENT establishment at Johns Hopkins of a school devoted to the history of medicine may prove to be an event of much or of little significance. It depends upon the breadth or narrowness of the conception of medicine and upon how extended and adventurous is the search for the elements of its history. Whether the school proves to be a center of creative work, a shop for the manufacture of documented erudition or just another excursion into futility must depend upon its personnel. A few weeks ago Henry E. Sigerist came from Leipsic to lead the new venture, and if his recently published "Man and Medicine" is

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prophetic evidence, his subject bids fair to be numbered among the humanities.

The trouble with most books on the history of medicine is that they have little interest for persons who are not interested in medicine. The better ones are competent, technical, but overwhelming, treatises addressed by the professional to members of his craft. The occasional excursions into popular discussion play for interest by using colorful and irrelevant biographical material or by dramatizing significant discoveries. But whether professional or popular, they all stage the search for truth as a triumphal march ending in a hallelujah chorus. One and all they deal with the development of medicine as a thing apart from prevailing opinion and the vulgar course of human events.

It is an unconsciousness of its kind which gives distinction to Sigerist's book and augurs well for the enterprise at Hopkins. To him medicine is an aspect of the development of culture, a product of the successive ways of the mind in research, a reflection of the spirit of the many ages through which it has passed. In the imperfect and sprawling lines of its contemporary pattern, it is the creature of the need, the thought and the circumstance which it has met.

At the center of the picture, as mediator between man and medicine, stands the physician. His office and even his occupation have varied with the organization of society. In Greece the healer was an artisan who performed his hygienic ritual and left nature to effect the cure. In the Roman republic he was a slave whose great incentives were the favor and the fear of his less cultivated master. In the Middle Ages, after the fashion of the times, he became a "doctor," learned in the books. If he did not always effect a cure, he had an every-ready excuse in the dogmatic sentences of an authoritative text. In the America of our fathers he was a circuit rider, whose "practice" disguised a priestly function and whose consolations were more efficacious than his pills. In this post-Newtonian universe of mechanics, the physician has become a man of science, or at least a technician. His office is filled with gadgets and contraptions; his observations are aided by instruments and mechanistic procedures; his diagnosis is an exercise in permutations.

The same incidence of culture is evident in the medical conception of man. The patient has always been what the prevailing opinion and the dominant technique have made of him. In the early Middle Ages a belief in human depravity tended to degrade the worthwhileness of cure and gave impetus to the care of the sick. In the Italy of the Renaissance, where artists and physicians belonged to the same craft, man was pictured in the anatomical terms of structure. As the idea of motion found expression in endeavors as divergent as the appearance of the baroque and the discovery of the circulation of the blood, a physiological man, all organs and functions, appeared. When physical science came into dominance and explanations were cast in the formula of stimulus and response, medicine addressed its ministrations to a human being who was a complicated concatenation of mechanistic parts.

The value, alike of Sigerist's book and of the Hopkins adventure, is that the story is to be continued. The book, the work of an imaginative and a restless mind, is as provoking as it is stimulating. In its pages articulate unity and sustained argument are smothered beneath an avalanche of suggestions. It represents, not a task accomplished, but a host of engaging leads to be followed. It outlines for the author and for his colleagues heroic and laborious adventures enough to round out all their days.

It is hard to think of a more likely quest, for medicine is still in the making. Its history has been a series of arrested waves; its current "practice" is a composite of separate legacies. Although much of its technique will be retained, the present state of the art cannot endure. The idea that man is an entity, that his body is more than the sum of its physiological parts, is again to the fore. Already medicine is beginning to realize that the ills of man and his ability to throw them off depend upon his mental conditions. In the social sciences it is all but axiomatic than man—even in his physical life—is a social being. The idea, with its tremendous implications, must presently make its way into medicine. In the future, as in the past, the craft of the physician and the identity of his patient must continue to be remade.

The work of the Hopkins group promises to make conscious this process of recreation. It has both a professional and a general importance. It should, in the language and with the illustrations which every doctor can understand, depict the insecure foundations of every orthodoxy, indicate the many alien disciplines upon which medicine is dependent, reveal the stuff of idea and circumstance out of which it is made, demonstrate the need of a broader foundation for medical education and help along "the noble art" to which skills and techniques are mere instruments. And, if it succeeds in revealing its subject in its institutional and ideological setting, it will set a model for many a liberal study which has been long paraded as cultural.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Technocracy

Good Medicine or a Bedtime Story?

A NEW WORD is being passed about by those eager for fresh and shining intellectual currency in this dirty weather: Technocracy. It is applied, first, to a small group of engineers and architects who adhere to a set of tenets and are busy working them out. Second, it is used to describe the philosophy which this group promulgates. Third, it is supposed to denote a state of society into which we are being precipitated. Aristocracy—rule by the best; autocracy—rule by a self-appointed group; democracy—rule by the people; technocracy—rule by the technologist, or by technology, one is not quite sure which. It has a likely sound.

First, as to the group. Its center is Howard Scott, an engineer who combines vehemence, ingenuity and assurance. He began to develop his ideas and collect adherents back in 1921, when, as at present, there was much talk of the imminent breakdown of capitalism. The name of that group was "The Technical Alliance." It was supposed to be collecting information from the strategic places in every industry against the day when, as Thorstein Veblen predicted, the rule of the business man would welter in the general confusion and the engineer would be called upon to run things in alliance with labor. But the day did not come, most of the adherents turned their attention to other pursuits, and Howard Scott kept on talking to anyone who would listen. I have heard him many times in the past decade. So has almost everyone else in New York who has a special interest in such matters. With the flowering of the present depression, parts of the old group coagulated, attracted new members, found a refuge in the Engineering Department of Columbia University and began anew a proliferation of formulas and charts. In the meantime, Scott had begun to use the name. Then came publicity in newspapers and magazines, and the growth of a popular following.

Next, what of the philosophy which this group represents? It is described as being something totally new. It abolishes politics and economics. It will have no traffic with such outworn ideas as those, not only of the standard economists and social theorists, but of economic planning, socialism, communism or fascism. Also, it is supposed to foreshadow an inevitable change. Any theory with these pretensions is bound to exert a powerful appeal in a situation like the present. Brand-newness is good, since all we have known before seems to do us little service, and anyway we are sick of talking about the familiar. Change is good, since we don't like what we have. Inevitability of change is particularly good, since it means we don't have to worry about effectuating the change.

The ideas which receive principal emphasis under Technocracy sound as new as their advertising claims them to be, to one not well versed in the social sciences. No doubt the Technocrats really believe them to be new. Nevertheless the newness consists chiefly in the package and the label. The Technocrats are, in this respect, like the proprietary-medicine manufacturers who take certain well known pharmaceutical substances and sell them under a new name invented by an advertising agency. There can be no objection to that, provided the remedy will perform as advertised and does not cost more than it ought. And there is no suspicion that the Technocrats are profiteering on public gullibility. If they have happened on a good technique of salesmanship, so much the better—in so far as their advertising will bear the test of a Consumers' Research investigation of the advertised article.

Now let us list and analyze what is under the label—taking the liberty of restating it in somewhat more familiar terms.

1. *Technical progress has performed marvels in making possible more output with less labor.* This commonplace, discussed at intervals for nearly a century, has become well publicized in recent years, even before the depression. It is dramatized in Technocratic literature by striking examples. If there is any difference between the Technocrats and others in this respect, it is that they lead the reader to assume, from these examples, that the process has recently gone further than anyone had previously suspected.

Mr. John H. Van Deventer, editor of The Iron Age, picks up a statement by Wayne Parrish in his New Outlook article on Technocracy that "in pig-iron production, one man working one hour can do what it took him 650 hours to accomplish fifty years ago." Mr. Van Deventer shows from census figures that in 1929 the production of pig iron per worker was 1,710 tons a year, and in 1897 it was 73.7 tons a year. Thus the output per worker has grown in fifty years not 650 times, but 23.2 times. Other discrepancies of the same sort have been discovered and more will doubtless be unearthed by checking.

Such differences may be reconciled, I suspect, if we bear in mind something which is not always made clear in the Technocratic articles. The writers are really describing, not the progress industry

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has actually made in capacity to produce, but that which it might make if the best known processes were universally employed. Economists and others frequently have measured the advance in physical productivity which actually has been made. This is striking enough. They also recognize that much more advance *might* be made. How great this hypothetical advance could be is a matter of speculation. The Technocrats set it very high. They talk with an air of final authority, as if the fact that they are engineers enabled them to be sure of such statements as, for instance, the following: "With what is now known of technology today in this country, it is now necessary for the adult population, ages twenty-five to forty-five, to work but 660 hours per year per individual to produce a standard of living for the entire population ten times above the average income of 1929." I should want to have a careful scrutiny made of their calculations before being certain that any such definite statement could be proved. Of course, within a wide margin, *something* like this is true, and it is well perhaps to have its importance dramatized, even if by overstatement.

2. *The rapidity of technical advance creates unemployment.* The observation is at least as ancient as a certain German-Jewish philosopher-economist —Karl Marx. Of course this idea is our old friend, technological unemployment. It has been debated lengthily in recent years. The Technocrats hold to the Marxian theory of the matter in an extreme form: that machines are now displacing men absolutely and finally. Displaced men cannot find employment in making new machines, since the new machines themselves require less labor to make than the old. They cannot find employment in industries expanding to supply new wants, because the pace of productive advance is now so high that wants cannot be expanded sufficiently, or at least not so rapidly as the means of satisfying them. This assertion is tenable as a hypothesis, but the Technocrats have shown no new way of proving it. All the calculations they have which bear on the matter are the same calculations which have been available to others who have dealt with the question.

Incidentally, it is necessary to point out that the reply of the conservative economists based on past performance is not a sufficient answer. It is true that while industrial productivity has been increasing in the past, a larger and larger proportion of the population has found industrial unemployment. It is also true that, in the long run, standards of living have been raised during this period. But it has been a period of change from handicrafts to machinery, from small-scale to large-scale enterprise. People who used to be independent workers have become employed by others—that is the real meaning of the figures showing the growth of employment. A relevant analysis would have to show what proportion of the population had, over a period of years, the opportunity to make a living in any way. And it would have to show whether now, when mechanical industry has usurped so large a proportion of the field, sufficient employment opportunities can be found in it.

3. *Technical advance destroys the price system.* Apparently the Technocrats have not thought the thing through so carefully as the economists whom they condemn—seemingly without having read them. The inadequacy of the price system as a regulator of affairs has been many times argued. The complexities of that argument cannot be repeated here. The Technocrats emphasize three points in it which are prominent in present-day discussion. One is the overexpansion of fixed debt which occurs during a boom, and which helps to prevent a resumption of activity during depression. Apparently it hasn't occurred to them that debts can be defaulted, and that debt burdens are reduced. This is a painful and clumsy process, but it does happen. Another point is the inadequacy of money as a measuring unit of values, since it fluctuates so widely. Page William J. Bryan, Irving Fisher, John Maynard Keynes and thousands of others. The third point is the chronic inadequacy of the purchasing power of wages to buy an increasing output, with rates of pay and prices of goods determined by haphazard processes. Again we go back to Karl Marx and his predecessors, as well as forward to many non-Socialist economists. To this discussion Technocrats add more of assertion than of enlightenment. It is, of course, a necessary part of the question of technological unemployment.

I have not come across any detailed public statement of precisely what the Technocrats expect to substitute for money. For money *as a unit of measure* they have apparently devised an "energy unit" which can cover at the same time the b.t.u.'s buried in a coal mine, the capacity of an electric generator and the calories consumed by human exertion. This may turn out to be an important contribution to the technique of measurement, though it is difficult to understand why this unit would not vary just as dollars do when our utilization of these natural stores of energy increases or decreases in efficiency. For money *as a medium of exchange,* if their developed program accords with Howard Scott's earlier ideas, they would substitute tickets or certificates, denoting a certain number of energy units, issued to individuals, non-transferrable and good only for a month or a year. A purchase would be made, not by the surrender of the card, but by punching a hole in it. Thus each person could buy in a given period exactly as much as some central authority wanted him to buy. The purchasing power distributed could be equated to the goods made, and vice versa. Nobody could hoard money or lend it at interest. Prices could be fixed according to the energy units consumed in making and distributing the product.

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No doubt some such plan could be worked. But only by the abolition of private profit, interest and private enterprise in production of goods and services. There would have to be central control of the distribution of income. If we had all these things, we could use old-fashioned money to accomplish exactly the same result. After all, what we need to do is to regulate production, investment, credit, prices and incomes. That is the central problem, not the invention of a new kind of money.

4. *The price (capitalist) system is certain to collapse—if not in this depression, then in the next one.* The Technocrats are surely not the first to advance this thesis, or to buttress it with the ideas previously described. The nearest thing I have seen to a proof of it in their literature is the application of a mathematical formula to the oscillation of the business curve developed by ordinary economists. If the business cycle were a curve of electric energy, the formula in question would indicate that the downward oscillation would soon hit zero. At this point, of course, any series breaks down. But mathematical formulas applied to statistics seldom prove anything. This is a common form of statistical error—to think you can prove something by figures, irrespective of the logic underlying the phenomena. After all, the forces involved in the business cycle may act quite differently from those involved in electric currents.—Nevertheless, human beings *may* decide to substitute something for the capitalist system, because of its extreme oscillations.

5. *An "energy survey"* of the North American continent, of Europe, of Asia, shows that we have the resources for a very high standard of life, Europe (as a whole) for a somewhat lower one, China only for a considerably lower one. England, having exhausted her principal resources and expanded her population, is doomed to decline. This is a mixture of material familiar to geologists and geographers, with the questionable economic assumption that each continent's (or nation's) population must live solely off the resources within its territory. The reason for the choice of specific geographical units and boundaries does not appear. Must each town or county live off its own natural resources? Of course not. Each state, then? Hardly. To assume that each nation must do so therefore either gives great prominence to political units—which the Technocrats have begun by abolishing—or indicates that in surveying the marvels of technical improvement they have overlooked transportation and communication. It might conceivably be cheaper—in energy units themselves—to make England the manufacturing center of cotton for a large part of the world's population than to spin and weave it all in North Carolina. If the Technocrats knew more economics, considerations like this would occur to them.

The energy survey is useful, however, to emphasize the old conception that we ought not to waste natural resources. Some of them, being limited, must be held for future use, and none of them should be dissipated needlessly. There is a limit somewhere to the ability to sustain a given population at any given level of consumption, set by the amount of natural resources and the possible efficiency of their utilization. (See Malthus.)

The conclusion, then, is that the principal contribution of the Technocrats is new publicity for old ideas. My belief is that most of these ideas are good, and that while they will not live up to the claims made for them by the Technocrats' advertising, they are a lot better than the ideas with which many people in the past have dosed themselves. Perhaps people are so constituted that they have to believe medicines and ideas are a lot better than they are in order to use them at all.

My principal adverse comment relates, not to what is in the mixture, but to what is left out of it. Technical advance, operating under our present price system, is a highly disturbing factor, and the two together make us uncomfortable. Even if capitalism isn't going to collapse, I'd like to substitute something better for it. Certainly our economic machine needs competent technical management. If we can't yet have a ten-times higher standard of living with a four-hour day and a four-day week, we might have a doubled one with a six-hour day and a five-day week.

But what good is all this if there is no way of achieving it? And how can you achieve it if you begin by throwing politics out of the window? Who is going to bestow power on the engineers? It is obvious that they haven't got it now. In spite of their scorn for Communists and Socialists, the Technocrats are really tagging after them, because both Communists and Socialists have worked out a technique for getting the power to do the sort of thing the Technocrats imply is necessary. I am not satisfied that either of these techniques is going to be successful, but at least the radical parties have not turned a blind eye upon the most difficult engineering job of all—the engineering of human consent.

There is, of course, something to be said, in a period of agitation, for concentrating on what is wrong and what you intend to do about it rather than upon the struggle to get the power to do anything. The Technocrats, like most advocates of economic planning, are helping to change people's ideas so that they will be more ready to support new political forms and powers. They serve a function in the large complex of social change. But in so far as they lead people to think that it is not necessary to do anything in politics or otherwise, that the change will come of itself and that we can just leave everything to Technocracy, they are telling a new kind of bedtime story to give children pleasant dreams while the house is burning down.

GEORGE SOULE.

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The Conundrum of Debt

UNTIL the last minute, it is easy to see, each side in this Anglo-American debt controvery was praying that the other would have the courage to save it from a drastic decision. Washington doubtless wished that Downing Street would repudiate, for that alone would save the White House an uneasy hour with Congress. Downing Street hoped against hope that Washington would cancel. Statesmen, however, are rarely endowed with this altruistic courage. Each side knows that payment cannot go on much longer, but the chances are that the history of German reparations will be repeated. Figures will be scaled down: one side will pretend to demand and the other to pay; and so we shall go on, with recurrent crises and revisions, through weary years of insincerity and disaster. How much of the present economic system (if system be the appropriate name for it) will survive this experience, is the only question worth asking.

A conundrum, meanwhile, is shaping itself in the heads of some English observers of this tragi-comedy of debt. America, since the War, has turned money-lender to the universe. That profession is as responsible as it is anxious. One cannot go on living in the old way when one adopts it. Either America will face the necessity of making some rather considerable changes in her own domestic arrangements, or else she will, sooner or later, precipitate a smash in which the universe itself will be involved. And that is still true, even if the war debts should be repudiated or canceled. Investments also have this explosive property.

Britain was the pioneer in this anxious but often remunerative business. She took it up gradually; developed it during the latter half of the nineteenth century; adapted herself slowly to her new profession, but emerged at the end of this period, on the eve of the War, a changed character, leading an unrecognizably different life. She had financed the building of a great proportion of the world's railways: she held Australia as a mortgaged estate: she had her factories in Calcutta and Shanghai: she owned a network of cables under the ocean and across the deserts: she had her plantations of tea, rubber and cotton and her mines of tin and gold. The revenue from these enterprises, in which her propertied class was interested, flowed punctually to her shores in a stream of interest which vastly exceeded her new lendings or investments in each year. An immense and growing proportion of her national income came from abroad. This fact was reflected in her trade statistics. Year by year, and decade by decade, the surplus of visible imports over exports grew. She had, as the permanent basis of her national economy, what is absurdly called an "adverse" balance of trade. Often a crank or a simpleton would point to it in alarm, but on the whole, this curious phenomenon was well understood. This surplus of imports over exports represented in the main the interest on past loans. The tea and the coffee, the wines and the fruits, even the wheat and meat were the tangible things with which the world paid its tribute to the usurer.

Creditors, if they are to live up to their definition, should be an idle class: their debtors should feed them. One could watch this happening. With an adaptability rarely surpassed in nature, the British race bred a caste whose specific function was to consume this surplus of imports. English society in these happy pre-war years must have included a larger and more highly specialized leisured class than any other in the world. The southern counties were in their upper strata peopled by families which lived on their dividends from the Empire and its fringes. Carefully refraining from any productive activity, they played at soldiers, ran estates rather for prestige than profit, hunted foxes and philandered.

This dependence on interest from overseas governed fiscal policy. It must come in. It could come in only as goods. And since the debtors, whether in Australia or Argentina, were mainly farmers or stock-raisers, it must come in the shape of wheat and meat and wool. Free trade was the policy of the sagacious usurer. The consequences to the British farmer were not happy. He nearly ceased to raise wheat. The acreage under the plough steadily declined, and with it the number of families which got their living from the soil. Even industry was affected. The relative importance of manufactured goods declined; till cotton, the proudest trade at the opening of this period, faced bankruptcy at its close. The growing industries were those which made "capital" goods for export. In these ways, without planning or forethought or much consciousness of what she did, England changed her way of life to fit herself for the profession of lending money. She received the interest in food. She had a leisured class to consume it: her fields languished: her banks throve. The system had its defects, but as an essay in national bookkeeping it worked. Its foundation was the great principle that creditors must receive in imports a higher value than they export, while debtors must export more than they receive. It is not a pretty principle. It makes parasites. But international money-lending can operate on no other basis.

Has America grasped it? This may seem a rude question from a foreigner, but after all the

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future destiny of all of us may turn on this issue. I will not repeat the argument of the British note, which dealt only with a limited, though urgent, aspect of this matter. Americans must be weary of the European complaint that tariffs prevent us from paying our debts. We realize that many, including the President-elect, are facing that difficulty, and proposing a downward revision of the tariff. But at the risk of seeming academic, I venture to suggest that this practical way of facing the difficulty may obscure its extent. Lower tariffs would be a help, but they would not solve the problem unless they brought about a reversal of the balance of trade, and that may involve wide changes in American housekeeping.

I have sketched our English solution, which is an example to avoid. There may be another way of achieving the same balance. But the main point cannot be evaded. Up to the middle years of the War the United States was on the balance a debtor Power. She had the psychology and the economic structure appropriate to that condition. She aimed at a surplus of exports. She despised a parasitic leisured class. She idealized activity and the relentless expansion of production. But when, during the War and up to 1928, she turned creditor, and lavished her loans and investments on this planet, she made no change whatever in her habits, or her fiscal policy. She neither took to fox-hunting nor did she lie back in her chair and permit her debtors to feed her. That may be greatly to the credit of her morals, but it is not defensible as an economic policy.

So far from adapting herself to her new situation as a creditor, America actually followed with greater vigor than before the policy appropriate to a debtor. She expanded immensely her exports of manufactured goods, and she raised her tariffs. Thus at both ends she defeated the necessary adjustment. A surplus of imports became fantastically unattainable.

To cancel or repudiate or scale down war debts would help, but would not solve the problem. The bankers' credits, commercial debts and investments remain. It is hard to estimate them, but the net total of America's foreign investments may be reckoned at about eleven billion dollars. That should produce annual interest to the amount of, say, 400 million dollars, to take Dr. Moulton's estimate,[1] a modest one, when one recalls that Germany often borrowed in New York at 8 or 9 percent. If we ignore both the war debt and short-term loans, the American balance of trade ought then to show a surplus of imports over exports of 400 million dollars, if the interest on these investments is to be received. In fact the excess of visible exports over visible imports was in the last normal year (1929) 741 million dollars on the wrong side. There are, of course, tourist spendings and other "invisible" imports of some importance to be considered, including one that statisticians prudishly omit—alcohol.

Here, in these figures, stark and obvious, is the conundrum. The morals of Europe may be deplorable and capable of vast amendment. You are right to point the finger of scorn at our armaments, our tariffs, our old-world Lilliputian economic units. But they have nothing to do with this case. If we all turned pacifists and teetotalers and free-traders tomorrow, that would not help us to pay our debts against this fatal balance of trade. Nor is it much help to say, as European bankers do, that you ought to lend back the gold you have sucked up and buried in Wall Street. Perhaps you should. If one may trust the estimates of the British "Macmillan Committee" on banking and trade, the debtor half of the world must borrow 200 million dollars annually for its normal expansion. A great part of this capital can come only from the United States. Presumably she would expect some interest on it. But how with such a balance of trade can that be received? It can only be reinvested, and that is what actually happened, for during the nine years (1922-1930) the interest on American foreign investments (6.7 billion dollars) tallied closely with the total of new foreign issues (7.1 billions).

It seems that America may, if she pleases, buy up this planet, but only on condition that she receives no income from her terrestrial estate. These investments must remain as sterile as treasure in Heaven.

Let us then look at the alternative. America replans her economic life, takes up in earnest the profession of money-lender to the universe, and aims at a sufficient surplus of imports over exports. It could be done in the English way, one supposes. Captains of industry might take to fox-hunting. You might let the Middle West go back to prairie. This method is not to be commended.

The gap between exports and imports seems hopelessly wide, until one looks at the individual figures. Every inhabitant of the United States bought in the last fairly normal year (1929) goods to the value of $35 from abroad, while exports amounted to $42 per head of the population. Put in that way the gulf looks as if it might be bridged. Taking the "invisible" items into account, a further expenditure of only $3.27 per head on imported goods would permit the interest on foreign investments, at the level of 1929, to be received. Then must the average American buy less from his neighbors? Yes, unless income can be expanded. An expansion, however, of half of one percent would suffice, if the average income per head be in the neighborhood of the usual reckoning—say $700. That could be easily managed under a planned economy which adjusted income to output and controlled foreign buying. Russia could do it. It is more difficult in a world that lives at hap-

[1] War Debts and World Prosperity, p. 414. See also p. 400.

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hazard. Tariffs must be lowered. That done, what expansion of total income would be necessary before this small extra sum would go by chance to the purchase of foreign goods? And again, would not the expansion of income lead to some further expansion of exports, and so upset the balance? The problem is mainly one of wages. Consumption and saving, including the consumption of imports and saving for foreign investment, must observe a due proportion. Less, relatively, than in the past, must go to profits and saving, and more to wages and consumption. Nature does not appear to make that kind of adjustment without conscious and intelligent effort. It would have many advantages over the English solution, but it is, one suspects, fatally foreign to capitalist habits of thought.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Farmers' Relief Conference

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY farmers from twenty-six states gathered in Washington for the Farmers' National Relief Conference. What their purpose was they stated better than anyone else could have done. "We farmers, two hundred and fifty strong, represent the majority of the farm population in twenty-six states. For the first time in history, we come ourselves, face to face with Congress, without high-salaried 'Farm Leaders' or 'Lobbyists' standing between to becloud and divert our purpose. And our purpose is to demand immediate action. We are determined to stop a ruthless pressure from creditors who threaten to sweep us from our land and homes."

Washington has never seen anything like this convention of farmers. These were not the representatives of farmers, or the slick politicians—these were the dirt farmers themselves. They came from all the farming states from Washington to Florida. Every kind of farmer was represented; maple-sugar farmers from New Hampshire, Negro share croppers from little cotton patches in the South. There were wheat farmers, there were fruit farmers, farmers who came from hog and corn farms, mixed farmers, dairy farmers, farmers who owned two thousand acres, farmers who had been recently evicted from small twenty-acre "mixed farms." They were mostly mature, solid men.

This conference was first talked of during the convention of Governors at Sioux City, during the Farmers' Strike. It received a further impulse when the rank-and-file program was adopted at Fremont, Nebraska, when the Farmers' Holiday Association for that state was organized. This program with teeth in it was formulated by a group of farmers in Newman's Grove, Madison County, Nebraska. I saw these rank-and-file resolutions read under the nose of Milo Reno at a mass meeting of three thousand farmers at Fremont. They were substituted for the mild and toothless resolutions presented by the national officers of the Farmers' Holiday Association. The final resolution called for a Farmers' National Conference in Washington when Congress next convened.

Throughout the Farmers' Strike, the rank and file have outstripped the leaders. The picketing of the roadways in five different states, the resisting of evictions and the call for this conference have come from the rank and file, not from the leaders. It is a spontaneous movement and is the legal offspring of the Farmers' Holiday Association. It is the first widespread movement for direct action that the farmers of this country have known since Shay's Rebellion.

The delegates represented every known farm organization, from the radical United Farmers to the conservative Farmers' Union. Many of them of course come from their parent, the Farmers' Holiday Association. They were an impressive sight. Brown, red-faced men, broad-shouldered and strong. Some of the older men were bowed with the toil of years. Some wore working clothes, corduroy with leggings, old red and green sweaters. Blue overalls dotted the assembly, pull-over caps; other delegates wore worn and rumpled Sunday suits. It was a representative cross-section of the people who raise our foodstuffs, from whom we primarily live.

The first day was taken up with reports on conditions from every part of the country. People told how things were in their section. It was a thundering story of disaster, repeated with variations from the North to the South. It was the epic of people about to be dispossessed. It was the story in terms of individuals, of the $9,500,000,000 mortgage debt which the farmers carry, the human results of the fact that there has been a depression of ten years among the farmers. For four years the cost of production has not been made, and while the farmers make no money, their taxes in ten years have risen more than 250 percent. Only recently in Virginia and on the same day, hundreds of farmers were evicted for the nonpayment of taxes.

There were stories told of food rotting in the ground. There were stories of wool left to rot in sacks. One farmer sent a carload of sheep and was notified that the price of the sheep did not cover the cost of the freight. "I have no money," he said, "but I have more sheep."

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A farmer's wife from New Hampshire told how her maple-sugar crop was still stored in the cellar.

"But we eat well," she said. "We're New Englanders and we used to save the smallest eggs and the speckled apples and the oldest chickens. Now we have the best of everything. I had to work for a week to cook food enough to last my five children while I was away. They asked me why I was going and I said I was going to Washington to fight so they could live."

A Wyoming farmer from the Farmers' Holiday Association said:

"We farmers don't take kindly to bread lines. We want to keep our own beans and make our own soup in our own kitchens, and the only way to keep our homes so we'll have kitchens to cook in is by organization and direct action." "Unity and Direct Action" should have been the motto of this conference.

A Nebraska farmer told of the journey to Washington. "In Clinton, Iowa, they told us to eat on the soup line. I didn't eat that soup. It seemed like about one onion floating in a barrel of rain water. There were children on that soup line. They were blue and pinched. Children who were ten years old looked to be six. They hadn't been properly fed for three years. There we were, who had sheep and cattle we couldn't sell, mounds of wheat and corn, potatoes and onions, and herds of pigs to put fat on those kids, and we couldn't bring it to 'em."

The want of the cities, the bread lines, infuriate these farmers. All talk of surplus infuriates them.

"Why doesn't the government invent machinery for taking our products to these undernourished, starving people?" they want to know.

The buying of farm products by the federal government for the unemployed is one of the main lines of their resolutions. A second main line is for a moratorium and for cancellation of seed and feed-loan debts and taxes for certain categories of farmers. And a third is a protest against evictions.

The farmers are determined to resist eviction, if eviction is not made illegal by the "properly constituted legislatures." The Western papers are full of headlines which tell of the stopping of evictions. While I was in Iowa, no fewer than four groups of farmers were formed independently in Iowa and Nebraska for the purpose of jointly resisting evictions. The Farmers' Conference was full of the stories of evicted people, of those who had resisted evictions.

"If they come to take my farm," one farmer said, "I'm going to fight. I'd rather be killed outright than die by starvation. But before I die, I'm going to set fire to my crops, I'm going to burn my house! I'm going to p'izen my cattle!"

There was the story of the Widow Van Bohn whose husband was killed in a cyclone. Word went around her county that she was to be dispossessed. The farmers got together and went, several hundred strong, to the bankers. They assembled in great numbers the day of the sale. Thousands came from many different towns. It took three hours to clear the roads after the would-be sale. They all came to see that Widow Van Bohn kept her farm. She kept it.

There were stories of chattel-mortgage sales where all the goods were bought in for a few dollars, a quit claim was signed and a collection taken up to pay for the sale.

"In our part of the country, in Minnesota," a farmer said, "when a sale comes on, we warn people that anyone buying a place won't find life worth living there. Won't no one buy from him, sell to him—there won't nobody speak to him."

In another place where a sale was effected, only four people were allowed to bid. Telephone wires were cut to prevent people calling the sheriff.

One could multiply these stories of the resistance to eviction indefinitely. It is a new movement which is growing throughout the country and is a conspicuous part not only of the National Relief Conference but also of the farmers' organizations and groups all through the Middle and Northwest.

How well they speak! How excellently they told their stories! I have never heard speeches which were more to the point, or which seemed the result of more mature deliberation. The farmers were generally conservative in political and social points of view; they had been driven by the relentless sweep of events into a militant position. The farmers themselves talk of this Conference as a historic occasion. They say from the platform and to each other, "We are making our Declaration of Independence as that other glorious declaration was made in Philadelphia, in 1776."

The delegates formed their resolutions and decided to hold regional conferences throughout the states. They have no intention of duplicating or superseding existing farm organizations; their aim is to coöperate with them for united legal action.

Their demands include a $500,000,000 cash appropriation for immediate relief. They want the food products needed for relief of the cities to be purchased directly from the farmers by the government, federal cash relief and relief in kind to be administered by local committees of farmers. The formation of price-regulating bodies to be controlled by actual consumers and producers, to reduce prices to consumers and raise prices for all farm produce. The defeat of any legislation based on the theory of "surplus" products. The enactment of legislation which will provide production credit for all farm families so as to ensure a basis for national consumption at normal levels.

Moreover, a debt holiday is proposed, a moratorium on mortgages, interest and rents for all farmers whose volume of production has until recently sustained the family at a decent standard of living; cancellation of mortgages, interest, feed and seed loans and debts for supplies and furnishings for

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those hardest hit—such as marginal farmers, share croppers and others. Cancellation of back farm taxes and a moratorium on future farm taxes. And finally, no more evictions. "If our duly elected national representatives and Senators fail as did the local, county and state authorities, then we pledge ourselves to protect our fellow farmers from suffering and their families from social disintegration by our united action."

Having drafted this program, they marched, a hundred and twenty-five of them, to the Capitol to present their demands to the Senate and House and to their various Representatives and Senators. On the way there they were rudely stopped by police who thought that the hunger marchers had cropped up again, and this interference caused them vast indignation.

"If you folks had done right," one farmer told his Representative, "your hired men down here wouldn't of needed to act so bad. If you'd done right, you wouldn't need to be guarded by police from hunger marchers and bonus men and from us —because we wouldn't have to be here."

The demands were read on the floors of the Senate and House. In presenting this petition, Representative Howard of Nebraska said:

"I trust the members of the House may kindly receive the petition our friends have presented. I know it is not couched in the language of the legal profession, but in the plain language of the plain-speaking farm people, and I particularly ask that no member on the floor shall in any wise be prejudiced against the petition because of the fact that it may contain here and there a request or a demand that is not compatible to our general understanding of the situation. On the whole, I commend the petition to my colleagues, to their very earnest consideration."

Another delegation presented the demands to the president. Philip Smith from Pennsylvania was spokesman. He is not tall, and has a delicate profile and an expression of great clarity. He is a Quaker, so he advanced to the President and said, "How does thee do, Herbert?" After the President replied he did well and had greeted the delegation graciously, Philip, the little Quaker, said to Herbert Hoover, the big Quaker:

"That thee may know how deep my roots strike in the soil, I will tell thee that I am farming acres my Smith forefathers received seven generations ago in title from Penn's sons. We farmers feel very strongly that we have done our full share, not only in creating the wealth of America and also the homes which we love so much, but also those higher spiritual things that go with liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We feel, therefore, that in asking for these things and making these demands against the interests which are pushing us to the wall and taking our homes from us, that we are the real patriots and lovers of America, and that the interests are the traitors and enemies of the America we love. Our power to be food producers is being taken from us. Does thee realize that this condition primarily rises from lack of markets?"

To this the President replied that he was doing all he could to find foreign markets for farm products.

"We farmers are interested in the markets of the hungry unemployed. They could use all we produce. The acceptance of the surplus theory is not only a fallacy but a crime against humanity."

"I want to see everyone in America have a job," answered the President.

"The reason for this unemployment is that too much money has been diverted from purchasing channels into those of profits. Cannot thee as President of the United States take immediate steps to relieve our condition?"

The President excused himself, saying that the power was now taken out of his hands.

"But thee will still be President nearly three months, and the need is so immediate that delay might be fatal. We farmers earnestly hope this relief can come in an orderly manner from our duly constituted authorities instead of leaving it to confusion and chaos. I am serving notice upon thee that we farmers must have relief immediately or there will inevitably ensue violence."

And so the interview between the President and the farmers ended. And when the Negro in the delegation was asked: "Did he shake hands with you?" he answered:

"Yas, indeedy—and he was sweet as sugah!"

MARY HEATON VORSE.

Washington, D. C.

Washington Notes

Leaderless Congress—Farm Relief—The Domestic Allotment Plan—Will Santa Claus Bring Beer?—Hoover in 1936?

AFTER watching the first three weeks of this short session of Congress, there is hardly any unbiased political observer in Washington who is not depressed. The leaderless character of both House and Senate is pathetically evident and there seems every reason to believe that the session will be even more barren of results than usual. If anything beyond the big appropriation bills and a complicated, incomprehensible, so-called farm-relief measure gets by, the most optimistic observers will be surprised.

The wild outburst of Mr. Rainey and other Democratic House leaders when the Honorable Ogden L. Mills appeared before the Committee to back up Hoover's budget-balancing, sales-tax and veteran-reduction recommendations was an indication of the temper of the House. They shrieked at Mr. Mills and the Secretary of the Treasury shrieked back. It is quite clear that, except under the strongest kind of pressure, Hoover's proposals for economy and taxation will be thrown into the discard, his suggested bureau consolidations will be rejected and neither banking nor unemployment-relief legislation will get serious attention. The truth is there is not a vestige of force behind any

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of the proposals and the feeling they arouse in Congress is one of resentment. Powerless and repudiated as he is, there still exists in House and Senate an extraordinary degree of hostility toward Mr. Hoover personally. This includes every Hoover proposal—even those that happen to be sound.

The Democratic Senators, in conference, not long ago, evolved and promulgated a seven or eight-point program for the session, including in it budget balancing, economies, farm relief, unemployment relief, banking reform, beer, repeal and World Court. Solemnly they pledged themselves to the enactment of this program. They even took the truculent Huey Long of Louisiana into the compact, fresh as he was from a new oratorical outburst against the character of the Democratic Senate leadership under Joe Robinson. It is a joke. Except for farm relief, no part of it is at all likely to go through and everybody knows it.

I except farm relief because that is the part of the program in which the President-elect seems genuinely interested. From the day of his election he has considered it the most important problem for Congress to settle before he takes office. When he was in Washington a month ago for his White House conference on war debts, he talked farm relief to every man he met. I am told that he even brought the question up during the White House conference, but found a complete lack of interest there.

Though there is no doubt that he is anxious to get farm relief out of the way before March 4, his idea as to the form which farm relief should take is still obscure. He has hinted that he favors the domestic-allotment plan for wheat and cotton, but he seems to have been unable to convey to Senate and House leaders a clear notion of the main features desired. As there is not, so far as I can tell, and I have diligently inquired, a single House or Senate leader with a real grasp of the domestic-allotment idea, the task of framing the bill has been left entirely in the hands of the farm organizations. The chief difficulty which the representatives of these organizations encounter is in making the character of the bill clear to their spokesmen in Congress—what it means and how it will work—in order that they can meet the inevitable criticism and attacks. The farm representatives themselves had no little difficulty in agreeing upon the shape of the bill and some of them, while accepting it as introduced in the House, did so reluctantly and with reservations.

It is entirely obvious that the bill means a long-drawn-out debate, a real battle and a lot of amendments. Before it gets through, other items besides those now in the bill will be inserted and heaven only knows what form it will finally assume. Nevertheless, I feel pretty confident that it will pass. Pressure for its passage comes not only from Mr. Roosevelt but, what is much more important, from the farmers themselves. The majority of members of Congress from the South and West came to Washington for this session determined that something had to be done for the farmer right away. Hardly one of them had or has a clear idea of what this something should be, but they were and are entirely willing to take anything that will satisfy the farm organizations.

The domestic-allotment plan is the order of the day. A domestic-allotment bill, in the opinion of those best informed as to congressional sentiment, will pass. If, as is probable, it is vetoed by Mr. Hoover, it will be repassed at the special session and signed by President Roosevelt, who is as sympathetic to the idea as the present White House incumbent is unsympathetic.

As for the beer and repeal situation, I am definitely through making any forecast. A few weeks ago it seemed certain that the beer bill, once started in the House as a revenue measure, would go sailing through with a clear majority in both branches. Now there seems no certainty about it. Not only will there be a long and technical debate about the alcoholic percentage, which is the really vital point, but actually some of the genuine Wets in the Senate are beginning to take the position that the passage of the beer bill ahead of repeal may easily retard successful action on the major and most-to-be-desired proposition. The argument is first, that if the beer bill is passed and legal beer provided, so many people will be satisfied that sentiment for complete repeal may subside and the pressure upon Congressmen relax; second, that if beer is legalized before March, and either the percentage is unsatisfactory, as is extremely likely to be the case, or the legalized breweries, because of price and percentage, are unable to compete successfully with the speakeasies, the lack of improvement in the situation will place the whole anti-prohibition movement in an extremely difficult position.

Neither of these arguments seems to be conclusive, though in each there is a certain amount of truth. The fact nevertheless remains that, so far as the Democrats are concerned, neither can be used as an excuse. The campaign promise was to modify the Volstead Act at the earliest possible moment. It should go through this session, but there are plenty who think it will not. And if Senator Borah performs as he is expected to, it is going to take an awful lot of high-power pressure to get it through.

The pressure of course should come from Mr. Roosevelt if it is to be effective. No one else can apply it as he can. But he is not applying it. It may be that after January, when he is no longer Governor, he will devote his energies to party action in Washington and strive to assure solidarity. Without pressure from him, the Congress will wallow along leaderless and futile.

The journalistic effort put forth a few days ago to make it appear that Mr. Hoover, with a complete lack of appreciation of the lesson of the election, had in his mind holding the Republican organization so as to be again his party's candidate in 1936, fell of its own weight. It is difficult to see how anyone with a real grasp on the political facts could give the idea serious consideration. The basis of the report is interesting, in that it shows how little foundation is needed to present a theory of this sort. As told to me, what happened was that Senator Moses, the wisecracking lame duck from New Hampshire, called on Mr. Hoover and in the couse of conversation talked about the necessity of reorganizing the Republican party. Mr. Hoover agreed with him and said that "Larry" Richey expected to make his home in Washington after March and might be a useful man to help along that sort of thing. Senator Moses, as is his habit, retailed this remark to two of his newspaper friends. Knowing the closeness and devotion of Richey to the President, and interpreting Mr. Moses as thinking the

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mention of his name significant, they leaped to the notion that here was Hoover scheming to come back and forcing his personal representative on the committee. Those really close to the poor man are convinced that nothing is farther from his thoughts. The truth, of course, is that the utter unavailability of Mr. Hoover for a future fight is complete and there isn't a party leader in any state who does not know it. Not one wants to make another fight with him or expects to. And, while he has friends and a following, once he is out of the presidency his party influence will be too slight to be seen with the naked eye.

Washington. T. R. B.

Greece in the Kremlin

THE Russian Soviet has gone conservative in architecture; gone back on the constructivists, the geometricians, the stark functionalists, the supporters of Le Corbusier. Doubts, aroused by the surprising awards of the competition for the Palace of the Soviets—awards to the American Hamilton, with his non-functional verticals, and to the Italian, Branzini, with his panoply of columns and arches—have been growing. And with the publication of the official report of the Secretary of the Commission of Experts for the Palace of the Soviets (N. P. Zapletin), a digest of which has just come to hand, doubts become certainties. How have the mighty fallen! In Russia, for the time at least, the "International Style" is officially dead.

This official report is, in fact, a most curious and interesting critical discussion of the type of architecture suitable for a proletarian culture. The bases of its arguments are two—first, the relation of man to the machine; second, the relation of the culture of a proletarian society to the past. Both bases are equally revolutionary for Russia; both are significant of the new emotional and artistic alignment of Soviet philosophy. Constructivism and attempts at naïve symbolism, which distinguished much of the work of the early Soviet architects who attempted to force buildings into a-priori geometric or symbolic forms, are dismissed as merely childish and unrelated to reality. They are "hostile to proletarian culture."

The attack on stark functionalism is more closely argued, because evidently stark functionalism is a more important movement. The report states definitely that "the Palace of the Soviets is not a machine," and criticizes severely the competition designs developed in accordance with naked functionalism, especially that of Le Corbusier. The Building Council Resolution had demanded "monumentality, simplicity, unity and grace"; and the official report repeats the Resolution's analysis of the relation of man and technique. An epoch in Russia is beginning "that is going to be characterized by the subjugation of technical developments to man, while the epoch of capitalism was the epoch of subjecting great masses of humanity to technical developments." Now this is, of course, a socialist commonplace; but its artistic bearing has been little considered. The report goes on, logically enough, to conclude that in Soviet architecture *man himself* should dominate, and that therefore the architecture must incorporate organically a free use of both sculpture and mural painting. Another inevitable conclusion is that functionalism similar to that of the International Style, with its dominant consideration of techniques and its claims to be a new architecture for a machine age, is by its devotion to technical processes only expressive of the ideals of capitalism; it is the complete materialization, in fact, of the individual enslaved by the machine—and so basically unfit for a proletarian architecture. Where, then, must inspiration for Soviet architecture be sought?

It is this question which leads necessarily to the second basis of the new philosophy—the relation of present culture to that of the past. Lenin, the report points out, again and again recognized the fact that a revolutionary society was as much the cultural as the practical heir to past wealth. The past must not be rejected in toto, but reappraised, reworked. Artistic and technical mastery is mastery, however used. Not to reject past architecture, the report concludes, but to study, to evaluate and to rework it—this is the way to Soviet architecture!

Nor is this all. In Izvestia, the official newspaper, A. Tolstoy carries the point further, and proceeds to an examination of just which past architectures can and should be studied as containing fit inspiration for a socialist culture. Obviously nothing mystical, he says; nothing magic; nothing basically religious, or feudal, or expressive of capitalist ideas. Thus the Egyptian (as mystic), the Oriental (as magical), the Romanesque (as feudal), the Gothic (as religious), and "Le-Corbusierism" (as the final expression of bourgeois materialism), founded on a flight from reality, are all ruled out. There remain the Greek and Roman architectures—the Greek open, democratic, gracious, limited; but the Roman carrying out the Greek ideals in great works of popular usefulness, such as the fora, theatres, circuses, baths. And so it is Rome, Tolstoy finds, that offers the most fertile field for reappraisal and reworking; and, just as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries reworked Roman architecture into a princely Renaissance, so may Soviet architecture rework it into a great proletarian Renaissance. And he ends with an expressed hope that the government will allow this movement to continue unchecked, and not suddenly and disastrously again change its mind.

The picture of a new Renaissance under Soviet auspices is surprising; the romantic basis of it, so similar to that of the classic revivals a hundred years ago, more surprising still. Yet strange things have happened, and where a central body is so all-powerful in creating taste as in Russia, almost anything is possible. And it must not be forgotten that without doubt the best secular work in Russia is the classic revival work of the early nineteenth century. That tradition is evidently still alive.

This whole right-about-face in Russian architecture has more than a historical importance. Perhaps it may be true that the International Style symbolizes a brutal subjugation of mankind, of life, to machinery. So Frank Lloyd Wright has claimed; so it has seemed to many others. Perhaps our skyscraper modernism is expressive of exactly as material, as brutal, a profit-hunting at any cost. What, then, of the future—our future? What is to be our architecture when we at last develop a culture with man, and not the machine, as its center? Shall we, too, be forced to turn back, to reëxamine and rework the past? Or is there another, more creative, way? TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN.

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Without Embarrassment

Biography, by S. N. Behrman. Guild Theatre, December 12, 1932.

Gay Divorce, music and lyrics by Cole Porter, book by Dwight Taylor. Ethel Barrymore Theatre, November 29, 1932.

Walk a Little Faster, sketches by S. J. Perelman and Robert MacGunigle; lyrics by E. Y. Harburg; music by Vernon Duke. St. James Theatre, December 7, 1932.

MR. BEHRMAN in "Biography," his new play at the Guild Theatre, remains one of the few playwrights that we have ever had in America who does not cause embarrassment to dramatist, actors and audience when he indulges in brains or sophisticated statement. The underlying basis of "Biography" proceeds from a mind that is mature, that suggests a degree of association with literature and that, once it has found out that people do say from time to time intelligent things and that there is nothing to be nervous about when the characters and motivations are not Broadway or primitive or traditional or idiotic, is not afraid. He is one of those rare authors in the theatre who do not mistrust civilized society and do not think that Times Square must understand or no tickets will be sold. He has sensed the fact that in our theatre there is a genuine opening for such dramatists as might leave the mass of theatre-goers confounded or displeased; for him the French proverb, *"Pour les sots acteurs Dieu créa les sots spectateurs,"* extends to audiences and plays, and he has taken the bold risk of failing in his own way instead of failing in somebody else's.

In his new comedy there appears a certain roundness or sweetness, more in solution than expressed, that marks a definite advance for him. The play tells the story of Marion Froude, a sort of big laissez-faire girl, as she says of herself, who is not vicious but very casual, who has painted portraits of diverse celebrities at home and abroad, even in Russia, and who at the opening of the play is confronted with a young journalist, Richard Kurt, the child of disillusion, in whom rage the storms of revolt, candors and strenuosity. He has come to arrange with her for the story of her life, which is to appear in the magazine he works for. At the same time, her first lover from her own Tennessee appears. He is about to become a Senator by marriage with the daughter of the leading editor in his state. As a matter of fact, he has never forgotten Marion and the renewal of her presence disturbs him profoundly, leads to the order for a portrait, and so on. The complications around her biography—to cut the matter short—become finally the exhibition point of all characters in the play; the editor, the Tennessee Senator suitor, the young revolter, the editor's daughter and Melchior Feydak, a Viennese composer, brother of a famous dead musician who was the lover, still deeply remembered, of Marion (Melchior is on his way to Hollywood, where he has been called because of the fame of his brother's waltz, which Hollywood remembers, attributes to Melchior, but cannot hum correctly). The play, as it draws towards its conclusion, therefore, shows everyone in character and leaves Marion in character also, for, at the very last, she understands that what she would do to her young man is to destroy in him the very thing she loves. He, on his part, explodes himself out of the scene, heart-broken and more distorted than ever.

This is, of course, an absurd account of a play not without its intricacy of character and motivation. "Biography" has a great deal of subtle and beautiful insight, and the characters, certainly so at the highest point of their dramatic expression in the play, are revealed in a matrix very much superior to the ordinary run of plays.

In the first scene the effect is the least happy in all the play. There is, as a matter of fact, something very close to common, next to vulgar, in the way its people crack at each other. It is the influence, perhaps, of the vulgarity in our social drama generally, where bad manners are confused with wit. What Mr. Behrman needs in this passage of the play is to put over it something a little more subtle in taste. The best thing to be said, perhaps, for this side of "Biography," is that more grace of mind and an impression of a more distinguished breeding in the dramatist would drown all we see and hear in a bath of humor, leave it less blunt and half-crude in its impact, and leave it more carefully wrought as to the dramatist's own comment on the characters and scene. The play, also, in spots—for example, in the last act—appears to be a little pieced up, not wholly fluent in its progress. On the other hand, it exhibits no scenes of mere vulgar adequacy, good as far as it goes, which is not very far. It refreshes rhythm, in the dialogue especially. The fact remains us by being civilized as well as blessed with a good theatre however, that much of the dialogue needs reworking at various spots, some of which as they stand now are only job lots that get nowhere at all. The whole play needs to be slightly stressed in the crucial emphases of the dramatic situation. But in the scenes themselves there is a plenitude of insight and self-respecting mentality that makes Mr. Behrman one of the interesting playwrights in English and "Biography" one of the interesting things of the season, a play before which you can sit not alone with the lethargy of being there already and in seats that are comfortable, but also with self-respect.

Miss Ina Claire, looking more beautiful than I have ever seen her, played the heroine with what was a more complete use of her resources than I have ever seen her display. The one thing that Miss Claire could remedy in her performance—and this is a subtle piece of advice—is to avoid the effect, constantly repeated in each of the scenes where she has to compete with some character in the story, where she devotes herself to a sort of duel that the author has arranged for her with one person after another. Miss Claire needs to vary her attack in these scenes. So far, you get one uniform effect: she bristles and sparkles to the onslaught, in truth from the very first second of it, as if to say, "the dramatist has now given me another chance to down somebody; count this one out." We are constantly too sure of her victorious outcome. Such a modulation in Miss Claire's approach to these scenes would improve what is already a very expert and beautiful performance; a performance that includes not only the crackle and cues of her familiar technique but also, as in the scene, for instance, on the sofa with Richard Kurt, has a very lovely and touching gentleness and a most subtle variation in voice. Mr. Earle Larimore, as the

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stormy Richard Kurt, so wounded early in life, so bitter, violent and egotistical in his revolt and so childishly impossible in his manner, gives one of those performances where Mr. Larimore so strikingly understands his emotional values. He needs only to put into his playing a few intervals in which this stormy, violent, sincere, child's heart finds some sort of peace through love or some blessedness that he has not known before or ever believed in. This breaking down into a sweetness and momentary rest would give some hint towards the reason for the woman's love of him. It would, too, allow a better comprehension of what was working in him towards all that harshness and those tormented wings. Technically, such variations, a slight letting down now and then, would vary also the tendency towards monotony in his performance. Much of this is outside Mr. Larimore's decision, for a good part of the monotony and almost unbroken stew is the dramatist's fault. His hero would gain by less of this insistent, noisy wreckage. Mr. Jay Fassett as the Southern Senator-about-to-be seemed to me to give an excellent performance and by keeping the part from too much absurdity to create with more humanity and truth the struggles between him and Kurt. The first part of Mr. Charles Richman's Tennessee editor was excellent. It was the first instance I have heard in some time of an actor talking Southern without sounding like a theatre guttersnipe trying to imitate a colored minstrel. Miss Mary Arbenz, as the editor's daughter, to whom speeches were assigned by the dramatist that were not too searching and that followed all too easily the stage-modern-youth note, presented only the outside of a performance. She could remedy this externality somewhat by thinking more of the other people on the stage, by looking at them and being a part of them instead of that bravura and uneasy method that she exhibits.

Mr. Philip Moeller's direction brought out many of the best values in the play. More pressure here and there would help towards the emphases that Mr. Behrman might wisely collaborate with the director to acquire. A little more rapport in the ensemble scenes is needed and may easily come with the number of performances. I fancy there is no other director in our theatre who so well understands the implications of just this sort of play.

As for "Gay Divorce" and "Walk a Little Faster," I am no judge in such matters and know that fact very well. It may, nevertheless, be worth while noting that such a piece as "Gay Divorce" seems to me, at least in its best moments, a real advance in the theatre of its kind. There is, thanks in part to Mr. Fred Astaire, a sense of taste and of a definite comedy that is not all strenuosity and raw supposedly fun. The flatter parts of the occasion were those moments with girls, et cetera, and especially the cheap wisecracking, that were, doubtless, put in as a sop to some recondite Broadway demand. It is quite possible, however, that the very spots at which the evening seemed to me best were precisely those where it grew worse, and that Mr. Cole Porter's and Mr. Fred Astaire's civilization may have been only a form of betrayal. In "Walk a Little Faster" Mr. Bobby Clark was active, if only mildly amusing; he had fairly poor material supplied him. Miss Beatrice Lillie was at every moment delightful and in one or two of the skits at her very best. By some sort of unreality and madness she can give to such a scene, for instance, as that where Miss Fixit visits the disconsolate actress after the first-night curtain, a something we could get from nobody else in the world. As to those girl-school-commencement routines of the dancing young ladies, some of the skits and some of the song and dance near the footlights, they seemed to me an almost cosmic puzzle. By just what inspiration is it that one knows how to keep these matters from being anything? I was listening only lately to the account by a friend who in London had visited a meeting of the Society for Prevention of Premature Burial. As this meeting the slogan adopted was, "Wait for Putrefaction." STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

An Open Letter to Mr. Roosevelt

SIR: May I impose on you for the space necessary to print the following open letter to Governor Roosevelt?

New York City. SMITH SIMPSON.

[ENCLOSURE]

Dear Governor Roosevelt: In an interval like this one, between your election and your inauguration, it is inevitable there should be a confusion in the public mind over the different responsibilities of yourself and the President. This confusion has already become apparent.

Should you continue to remain in this country after your duties as Governor cease, you will find it all the more difficult to avoid expressing your views on national and international questions, and this will be hazardous inasmuch as these questions are changing rapidly and you lack all control over them and American policy. Even should you find it possible to avoid committing yourself, you may, by avoiding such questions, sacrifice much of the respect you have earned for vigorous character. In the midst of great and widespread distress people desire action and their disposition is to associate courage with action.

Anyone who looks at the elections of 1920, 1924 and 1928 must do so with a sense of bewilderment and shame. They were all elections of fear and panic; the voters were deliberately terrorized; and it began to look as though we could not elect a President without running a fever of nationalism and fright. Your own election marks the closing of a chapter in American history. For the first time since the War the Pope seems content to remain indefinitely in Rome; the Jews are not getting control of our business nor the Communists of our government. Even Japan has disappeared as a national scare. You have an enviable opportunity to consolidate the gains of this election if you are willing to do the necessary and vigorous things. From the effects of this period of indecision till March 4 your well wishers would willingly spare you. They feel, however, that the situation is beyond their control. There is nothing they can do.

You must realize, as do we who supported you, that your election was not so much an expression of confidence

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in yourself as resentment against Mr. Hoover. Thousands of individuals are yet to be convinced of the genuineness of your qualities of leadership. You will want to come into office with a united party. The distress of the country, furthermore, demands immediate measures of relief.

That you are willing to meet circumstance with resourcefulness was testified by your airplane flight to the Chicago convention. At that time you said: "This is no time for fear, for reaction or for timidity." You promised you would "break with foolish traditions"; you promised "a workable program of reconstruction." This act and this assurance struck a responsive chord in a nation which had been deluded by traditions. They were things which the nation expected a leader would do and say.

In 1928 Mr. Hoover, then President-elect, made a trip to South America. At that time our relations with South America were strained. We had nearly gone to war with Mexico the year before on Mr. Kellogg's childish and flimsy evidence of Communistic plotting in Mexico against our institutions. Mr. Hoover's trip had a bracing effect. Good will was restored, trade expanded. Politically, the trip was equally wise. It removed Mr. Hoover from the domestic scene during a time when he could do nothing, yet could be easily criticized.

The same effects you could accomplish by a trip to Europe.

International affairs will be among the first to absorb your attention as our next President. War debts will be honor bound to accept and act upon. There will be the but one. There will be the Lytton Report, which we are languishing disarmament conference in Geneva. There will be, most important of all, the long deferred economic conference, and that, sir, is of an importance to this nation hard to exaggerate. You said in your acceptance speech: "Now it is inevitable, and the choice is not ours—the choice is that of the times—that the main issue of this campaign should revolve around the clear fact of our economic condition, a depression so deep that it is without precedent in modern history." If overspeculation in securities had been the single cause of our difficulties we would have had recovery many months ago. But there have been other and worldwide causes of our depression. Worldwide overproduction in basic commodities, such as wheat, coffee, sugar, rubber, copper, zinc and silver; falling prices; and financial crises—none of which any one nation acting alone could have controlled—diminished the purchasing power of regions in which we ordinarily sell millions of dollars' worth of goods to a shadow of the normal amount. In his annual message to Congress, December 2, 1930, Mr. Hoover admitted that "the political agitation in Asia; revolutions in South America and political unrest in some European states; the methods of sale by Russia of her increasing agricultural exports to European markets; and our own drought, have all contributed to prolong and deepen the depression." Everyone admits that we depend on the rest of the world and share in its depressions as we gain by its prosperity. Mr. Mellon has admitted it; Mr. Hughes has admitted it. If there is to be any difference, then, between your "workable program of reconstruction" and theirs, it must be this: that in addition to admitting our dependence, you are willing to do something about it. They tried to solve this dependence—as did one or two other nations—by national "valorization" schemes, "export and import debenture" fantasies, tariff illusions—all promising protection and all rewarding us with economic collapse. The fruits of nationalism are the smokeless chimneys of thousands of factories; and wage cuts and bread-lines, poverty, despair and incalculable misery mock the "protection" of isolation. The time has come to put aside our childish conception of the Atlantic Ocean as a providential division between the good and the evil and, the revival of American industry depending on a restoration of normal conditions of trade and friendship the world over, set in motion the much desired recovery by coöperating with Europe loyally and heartily as our heaviest buyer.

By going to Europe and talking over affairs with the leaders of England and France, Germany and Italy, separately and privately, and taking with you the gentlemen who will be leaders in the House and Senate after March 4, you would accomplish results expedient for yourself and wholesome for the country at large. You would:

1. Remove yourself from the confusion and embarrassment to which you are exposed at home when there is nothing you can do by remaining here;

2. Capture the imagination of the country and preserve your reputation for initiative and resourcefulness in the face of an unemployment which threatens to soar above twelve millions this winter;

3. Solidify your party leadership on questions which your party will inevitably have to face and on which you will want complete harmony and unity;

4. Gain contact with the leaders of Europe with whom you must work after inauguration.

I submit this respectfully and only with a desire to see the mistakes of our former policy corrected and the misery of countless of our fellow citizens brought as promptly to an end as human leadership can bring it.

New York City. SMITH SIMPSON.

The Sword Dance

Thunder! In golden clamor they tread the clouds
Dancing, a burnish of youths. Their changing lusters
Move in a tumult of light, their pointed swords
Touch to the sound of rain, broken by thunder.

Swift armor is chiseled in gilt mythologies:
Gorgeous their cuirasses—less bright than the gleaming
Ankles, the golden thighs than the leaping knees.
Their eyes are alight, their mouths are a shout, they
are demons.

All have one age, not one of them but is young:
Vying in violence, they conflict without anger,
Triumphant in thunder. They are dead, being deathless,
and strong
As we dying are not, who are deaf to their clangor.

Thunder! They dance with swords. Their comeliness
Is unchanging; wanton, their thighs are still to garner.
They turn like one form in a circling abyss of glass
Reflecting the burning feet, the less bright armor.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Dismissal of Dr. Johnson

SIR: In The New Republic of November 16 Mr. Nathaniel Weyl, in an article entitled "A College in Rebellion," alluded to the reasons for Oakley Johnson's "dismissal" from the teaching staff of the City College Evening Session. He makes the point that Dr. Johnson was dismissed because of his Communistic activities and not because of the reasons given by the authorities; which reasons, says Mr. Weyl, "have been peeled away and exposed like the leaves of an artichoke with every fresh disclosure of the facts." He does not even bother to enumerate the reasons. The unfairness of such journalistic procedure became even more serious when you published an editorial, based on the article, in your issue of November 23.

These are the facts, and to my present knowledge they have in no wise been peeled away. Professor Compton, head of the Evening Session English Department, was notified that due to a program of economy he would have to reduce his teaching staff. He selected Dr. Johnson as the man whom he would not recommend for reappointment. (A teaching position in the Evening Session is never permanent. All instructors are appointed for six months or a year and must be reappointed at the end of that time. This is due to the fluctuation of the registration.) Professor Compton gives three reasons for selecting Dr. Johnson: (1) He had served only a brief period; (2) he was not an exceptionally brilliant teacher; (3) he was frequently absent from class because of the press of outside activities and not because of illness. On these occasions he would notify the college at the last minute of his intention to be away. It would then be difficult to secure a suitable substitute to take over his work.

A more serious charge against Dr. Johnson was discovered much later. In the spring term of 1932 he was absent from class on three different evenings. A substitute was hired and paid to do his work. In making out his regular application for compensation over his signature. Dr. Johnson claimed he had worked on those evenings and, since the word of an instructor in such matters is never doubted, he was paid. When this deception was revealed the authorities had to defray the difference in the pay roll out of their own pockets. . . .

In giving Dr. Johnson's Communistic activities as the real reason for the dismissal, Mr. Weyl writes that they could "hardly have escaped the attention of the administration." Since Dr. Linehan, director of the Evening Session, President Robinson and Professor Compton have all stated directly that they did not know Dr. Johnson was a Communist, it becomes necessary for Mr. Weyl to prove his statement. It is fairly obvious that these gentlemen have no contact with Communistic circles and Dr. Johnson's position as supervisor of the Liberal Club cannot be considered as a hint to his political leanings. In the past there have been many faculty supervisors of the Liberal Club in the Evening Session and of the Social Problems Club in the Day Session who were not Communists. . . .

There are many other inaccurate facts in Mr. Weyl's article the import of which was echoed by your editorial. Most important of these is the impression given to the reader that there is a "widespread rebellion against the authorities" at City College. It is not true that a "large portion of the student body has allied itself openly with its suspended radical leaders." First of all, they were "leaders" only of the Liberal Club which is composed of about fifty evening-session students. Second, they were almost immediately reinstated. And third, seventy-five or, at the most, a hundred students out of ten thousand cannot be considered a large portion.

In discussing the demonstration of October 28, Mr. Weyl attempts to give the activities the support of the entire student body by saying "spontaneously the students opened classroom doors and called on their comrades to join them in protest." Mr. Weyl does not mention that none of their comrades answered the call. Furthermore, when, by an act of childish vandalism, one of the demonstrators tampered with the alarm system and set the bells ringing all over the buildings, the "comrades" climbed up and stuffed paper wads into the bells to quiet the noise which prevented them from listening to the instructors. Estimates by the college authorities place the number of actual students engaged in the demonstration at about fifty. Their number was augmented by students of other colleges and by a large group that had evidently never entered a college building before. . . .

I. A. JACOBY.

City College of New York, New York City.

SIR: Concerning Mr. Jacoby's "serious charges": In an interview with President Robinson, I requested permission to examine, in order to refresh my memory, the attendance cards which I signed. At first he refused to let me see them, but afterwards consented. The facts revealed by this two-year record are in part favorable to me, in part unfavorable. On two points my memory was at fault. I did, indeed, as I had declared, put a circle to indicate an absence in the first semester of last year, writing the word "absent" in this place on the record, but I failed to follow out this plan in the second semester. Secondly, for the month in which this noted absence appears, I did not, as I had thought, ask or receive payment for that evening. Though my memory still sustains my earlier statement, I accept these facts and apologize to the students who have shown faith in me, particularly to Nathaniel Weyl, whose article otherwise is substantially correct.

But note the following, too:

1. I *did* make a notation of absence the first semester last year.
2. I *did* notify the office before each absence.
3. It is common knowledge that instructors not infrequently have friends dismiss their classes instead of notifying the office and having a substitute appointed.
4. It is not customary in colleges to have pay deducted for occasional absences.
5. I was not fully certain during this period that an instructor's salary was reduced because of an occasional absence; I proceeded on the mistaken assumption that I had once been paid, despite an acknowledged absence, and on the further assumption that notification of absences in advance was sufficient information.

I wish to point out that President Robinson has attempted to make a fight for academic freedom degenerate into an attack on my personal character. Honesty involves other things than pay checks. Delinquencies of mine, small or great, should not be allowed to obscure the issue. In President Robinson's release concerning "Communistic attacks on City College," he does not mention the Liberal Club, the suppression of which was the main issue. He describes my six absences in two years as "frequently absented," refers to these absences and the "false claims" as though these accounted for the failure to reappoint me. He describes the effort of the Liberal Club to obtain a hearing on the campus as "Communistic attacks." The facts which President Robinson has consistently and dishonestly avoided are the following:

1. Dr. Linehan steadily opposed the activities of the Liberal Club last year.
2. The Liberal Club was unable to find an advisor this fall for many weeks.
3. The Liberal Club meetings on the campus were twice broken up by police at the orders of the college administration.
4. Ten students of City College were suspended because of protest against the administration's actions.
5. Now that student protest has forced the reinstatement of the suspended students, has forced President Robinson himself to appoint an adviser and has nullified the threat of the administration to discipline those who took part in the public trial of President Robinson at Central Opera House, he poses as a liberal and tries to make students believe that the freedom which they have forced from his administration was freely granted by him. All these evasions and misrepresentations are, it seems to me, far more sinister than the "false claims" through which President Robinson,

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by blackening my character, hopes to escape responsibility for inexcusable repression.

I do not claim never to have made mistakes, but I have fought for students' rights. Teachers *may* be dropped for "economy" or other reasons, but it was my support of the Liberal Club and my stand in favor of the Communist program which caused my dismissal. . . .

OAKLEY JOHNSON.

New York City.

SIR: As The New Republic has granted me only five hundred words to answer Mr. Jacoby's reply, in which he stated hardly a single fact correctly, exigencies of space will unfortunately prevent me from dealing with his letter according to its deserts.

1. Your correspondent gives three reasons why the City College administration dismissed Dr. Oakley Johnson, and alleges that they were sufficient. He states first, that Dr. Johnson had absented himself from his classes frequently. Mr. Jacoby is evidently unaware of the fact that during the last two years Oakley Johnson was absent but six times, and that this has not been denied by City College authorities. He argues that Oakley Johnson was not "an exceptionally brilliant teacher." President Robinson has stated publicly that Dr. Johnson was not a poor teacher, and exceptionally brilliant pedagogy can hardly be alleged as a qualification for fifty-dollar-a-month instructorships.

2. May I call Mr. Jacoby's attention to Dr. Johnson's public statement that Professor Compton, the head of the English Department, denied that he was concerned in the dismissal, but stated that President Robinson had gone down the list until he came to Johnson's name and ordered his dismissal. (Professor Compton has subsequently denied this, but Dr. Johnson still affirms it.) May I further call his attention to a statement by Mr. Allan Chase that in Pineville, Kentucky, an individual named Johnson told him that "he had notified the City College authorities that Johnson was a Red" and had "received an acknowledgement of the letter." . . .

3. Mr. Jacoby repeats President Robinson's charge that Dr. Johnson collected money from the college which he was not entitled to. In the light of the fact that Mr. Jacoby admits the irrelevance of this charge to his argument, I confess that I am unable to see what legitimate purpose can be served by reiterating it.

Mr. Jacoby claims, furthermore, that there was little student sympathy for the fight, and that it involved merely the Liberal Club and its sympathizers. He states that about fifty students attended the protest meeting on the night of November 26, at which the four arrests were made. Several people present at the meeting have assured me that this estimate is not only incorrect but preposterous. He denies that students left their classes to join the demonstration. This is likewise untrue. With these two premises, Mr. Jacoby is left with no possible explanation for the fact that a thousand students (the estimate of The New York Times) marched to the Fifty-seventh Street Court House late that night and demonstrated for the release of their arrested comrades. . . .

NATHANIEL WEYL.

New York City.

Cheap Rooms for the Poor

SIR: Agreeing with your comment that "sooner or later our civilization" (including our cities) "must be made over to remedy" the physical environment in which the poor are forced to live, it seems to me that the editorial, "Real Estate Men on Trial," [The New Republic, October 19] paints a too glowing picture of the present possibilities for New York City in this field, even with R.F.C. money. From the 1932 report of the New York State Board of Housing we find that the rentals in the eleven completed housing projects, with tax exemption and 5 or 6-percent money, range from $9.73 to $12.50 per room per month, which is plainly beyond the reach of that "two-thirds of the American city dwellers of today" which can afford to pay only six or seven dollars per room. Further, and perhaps still more critical from the standpoint of the standards set by these projects, the completed operations do not show "two-thirds of the land area left vacant for use in gardens, lawns and playgrounds." The same report gives the proportion of open land ranging from 28 percent to 56 percent and averaging only about 46 percent. And between 46 percent and 67 percent open land there is a big difference. Why are they driven to so great a land coverage? Very largely because the land costs run up from two to six and nine and ten dollars per square foot.

With all possible technical advance in land assembly and in construction, it is this writer's contention that the apartment to rent for six or seven dollars per room and with a high standard of open space in relation to the *bulk* of buildings, *cannot be produced on land costing over a dollar or a dollar and a half per square foot.* Viewed in this way, most of the New York City housing projects may turn out to be blunders, in that they recognize and *confirm* land "values" far higher than decent city building can support within the income situation as it exists for the great majority of city people. It must, of course, be acknowledged that no easy alternative presents itself. But the effect on land "values" of the rapid tapering off of population increases, combined with possible early changes in our land policy, may, upon close study, offer a sounder approach than merely blinding ourselves to the impasse of land prices too high for low-cost housing.

JACOB L. CRANE, JR.,
Planning Consultant.

Chicago, Ill.

Not a Revised Edition

SIR: We note that in the review of "Bernard Shaw: Playboy and Prophet," by Archibald Henderson, in your issue of November 30, a statement is made that "This is a revised edition of Henderson's biography of Bernard Shaw, brought up to date and with much new material." May we point out that this is inaccurate, as the book is an entirely new work, which your reviewer might have recognized by looking at the copyright page, where the only copyright is of 1932?

EDWARD L. SMITH,
D. Appleton and Company.

New York City.

Demon Rum

SIR: I unwrap your issue of December 7 and am confronted by the headline, "After Prohibition—What?" I suppose you will get many answers to this question, so I will put in mine: "After Prohibition—Hell."

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Manumit School

SIR: We believe your readers will be interested to know that Manumit School at Pawling, New York, has been fortunate in obtaining Alexis Ferm as director for the forthcoming school year. Alexis Ferm has long been an outstanding figure in the world of experimental education. He was co-director of the Modern School at Stelton, New Jersey, from 1920-25 and during the past two summers has been the director of the Pioneer Youth Camp at Rifton, New York.

Manumit opened on October 3, but pupils will be accepted for some time after that date. Founded by William and Helen Fincke, Manumit is "an experimental school primarily for children of workers, which shall be loyal to the aims of organized labor and faithful to the scientific spirit in modern education." Children from the ages of six to thirteen will be accepted.

Like every other enterprise, and especially every progressive and radical enterprise, Manumit is facing difficulties in meeting this depression which results from the workings of an insane and vicious economic system. The Board of Directors is determined to make every effort to keep this notable experiment going on an effective basis. They will welcome support of this effort.

A. J. MUSTE, Chairman,
Board of Directors, Manumit School.

Pawling, N. Y.

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The Steel King

The Life of Andrew Carnegie, by Burton J. Hendrick. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 2 vols. 892 pages. $7.50.

MR. BURTON HENDRICK'S "authorized" biography is, from many points of view, a far more satisfying affair than he ever intended it to be. He has, as his public already knows, a lucid and effortless style, an eye for good scenes and the taste or the ability to organize well a large canvas, whose subject is, in this case, the least commonplace of the great American industrialists. As for Mr. Hendrick's studied innocence on many phases of Carnegie's career, and his tasteful omission of still other phases, that is strictly *his* business, as an "official" biographer. The business of an unofficial reviewer is to rejoice gratefully whenever Mr. Hendrick nods a little over his long task and permits us glimpses of his great man *en pantoufles,* and unbuttoned, so to speak—also, to bear in mind certain supplementary documents which have the nature of counter-evidence and which it would have been vulgar to ask Mr. Hendrick to use, since they are quite accessible to all of us. John Moody, a financial expert who was always fatalistic about the concentration of capital in America, has given us some frank clues as to Carnegie's character and role; the late George Harvey, writing quite as "officially" on behalf of Frick, whose quarrel with his chief was classical, was compelled to give us further hints; and finally there are the posthumous diaries of Barron, recently published, and full of valuable indiscretions. Out of these materials, in addition to those more or less judiciously furnished by Hendrick, we may now construct an image after our own heart of a captain of industry during the formative period of American large-scale capitalism.

The white-haired Scotch boy who came to Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in 1848, was the victim of a revolution in the weaving industry which drove his people from their native land. In the new country he was to find himself squarely in the path of a belated, though more gigantic, industrial revolution. But here he was elected to sit in at the banquet, to be one of the Olympians of industry: his distinguished part was that of ushering in the Steel Age, and his share of the spoils was to be equally distinguished. But how was he elected? By the "survival of the fittest," he, a friend and disciple of Herbert Spencer, would have answered promptly.

In youth, Carnegie was highly "self-assertive": as a telegraph clerk on the Pennsylvania Railroad he advanced himself by breaking rules in emergencies. Pushingly, eagerly, he promoted someone's first crude invention of the sleeping car, garnering a one-eighth interest in the project for a down payment of $217.50, which he borrowed and retired out of dividends—"a scheme of investment that became almost the invariable rule in subsequent enterprises." His first considerable investment was made "without the outlay of a dollar of his own," Hendrick notes, and was worth $100,000 two years later. Even more lucrative were flyers in oil land and in small iron works around Pittsburgh. Behind the lines of the Civil War he enriched himself quickly, like Armour, Rockefeller and Gould. At twenty-seven he was a master of capital; he had the income of a millionaire. He had shown marked talents—such as are now fashionably frowned upon, in large parts of the world, as "immoral"—for "getting something for nothing." Carnegie was going to survive.

Nor was his a case of the "spirit of enterprise" being richly rewarded. Hendrick pictures him rushing to his Pittsburgh iron works, after a dramatic meeting with Sir Henry Bessemer in London, crying, "The day of Iron has passed. Steel is King!" But there had been a decade of steel-making in England, by 1873. And six years before, one of Carnegie's partners had begged him to take up the manufacture of steel, which had first appeared somewhat earlier in America. (Later he was to be figuratively knocked down and dragged into acquiring about half of the Mesabi Range in Minnesota, the largest non-phosphorous iron-ore deposits in the world, and at his usual terms, "for nothing.") The age clamored for steel, and Carnegie was "kicked into it."

In Barron's diary, Charles Schwab reveals that his master knew almost nothing of steel-making, and "never came near the works." Hendrick acknowledges that Carnegie was "never a hard worker," that "he spent half his time in play and let other men pile up his millions for him"; that he possessed chiefly "the qualities of the commercial traveler on a heroic scale." According to further testimony, the steel king was forever trotting about the world, seeking publicity or courting prestige, which he converted always into bigger orders for steel and armor plate. In fact, what makes you like Carnegie a great deal is that in the complex of his moral qualities there was none of the pioneering, thrifty, diligent virtue which we have always been taught to emulate, in the hope of some day becoming little millionaires ourselves.

However, once he was shown into his kingdom, given his opportunities, Carnegie rose to them with an administrative capacity for large affairs surpassed only by the Bolshevik national planners of modern Russia. He had the same combination of ruthlessness and optimism. With the aid of able lieutenants and engineers, he erected the largest and probably the most efficient steel mills of the time. He absorbed Frick and his near-by coke properties in 1882; then ships, railroads and the Lake Superior ore fields, to make up a compact "vertical trust," equipped for mass production and ready to "compete" all rival mills into eternity.

The Carnegie Steel Company easily dominated its market during a thirty years' industrial war, because as an organization it was economically and technically superior to all the others. But how superior it really was in its capacity for social service, we shall never know: here is a mystery-drama which the biographer completely ignored. Since Carnegie lived under the "American system" and not in some rationalized society of engineers and socialists, you could never tell, for instance, how much more cheaply or widely he might have distributed the shining steel rails upon which "civilization advanced." "Remember, I can make steel at $9 a ton," Carnegie would warn his rival steelmasters who often joined him in secret "pools." But the price level was determined by the inefficiency of rival producers and the tariff; Carnegie was compelled to sell steel sometimes at thrice its cost, forgoing the glory and pocketing the cash profits at a rate of 200 percent a year.

We have long been taught to revere both the works and the methods of our older capitalists. I have even believed, sometimes, that it was good that they had such big stakes to play for, since they were thus encouraged to open natural resources and create an elaborate industrial plant in short order. But perhaps it is time to revise such happy notions of the past. Mr. Hendrick, with the best intentions in the world, gives us, on the one hand, a history of endless fraud, chicanery and broken promises and,

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on the other, a large picture of economic disorder and waste. His hero climbs steadily from panics to booms: when prices are high, Carnegie's marvelously efficient steel company breaks contracts, finds it impossible to scare up any steel, save at still higher prices (Veblen used to call this "sabotage"). In a depression, Carnegie leads in slashing prices; he offers all the steel you may want; he buys in rival mills at Scotch bargains. Or now, he must build new plants to fight threatened monopolies; or railroads of his own to prevent his dear friends of the Pennsylvania from "bottling him up" in Pittsburgh. The industrialization of America—colorful like that of Russia—also saw brass bands celebrating the coming of new locomotives or steel works; but it was accomplished with a duplication of effort, a waste of resources, a chaotic alternation of feast and famine, the effects of which no one has calculated. Was it perhaps *in spite* of the older capitalists that the country made progress. Was it a Five Year Plan in fifty years?

Even Morgan could not bear the "demoralization" of steel; in 1901 he bought off Carnegie—whom he considered a "business pirate"—at a fearful price, formed the United States Steel Trust, and began to impose order in his own watery fashion. Carnegie, after sixty-five years of accumulation, got off with his bags, containing $325,000,000; but this geometrical wealth was an onerous problem in itself.

He had always been an eccentric, something of a liberal among capitalists. Half-cultured, agnostic, with the worm of immortality in him, he quoted Shakespeare abundantly in board-rooms or in business correspondence. The descendant of Chartists, he always styled himself a friend of labor; and his Homestead mills, where men worked twelve hours a day, were the scene of the most violent labor struggle in American history. (Hendrick's apologetic passages do not absolve him from sharing with the implacable Frick blame for the Homestead strike.) He advocated international peace more loudly than anyone else; but also sold more naval armor-plate than anyone else. And besides, some of it was discovered to be of inferior quality, so that President Cleveland was led to fine his company $140,000. He tried to own newspapers and play a part in politics, but fared poorly in these fields. He tried to write: "Triumphant Democracy" was a mediocre enough piece of thinking. Perhaps most of all, in his uneasy efforts to become something else during his prolonged old age, he wanted to be a good squire, living in a castle with men of light and learning, like Spencer and Morley, beloved by all and devoted to the Improvement of Mankind.

He made a sensation when he announced to the world that he considered himself "overpaid," and was resolved to die poor. But the vast distribution of his fortune for science, education and steam-heated free libraries gave him, apparently, less joy than he had dreamed of. Statesmanship in social welfare was something that his career had not prepared him for. There were abundant, harassing criticisms of his distributions; and besides, his very act of self-divestment served to spread doubts in men's minds as to the method and degree of accumulation of which he was the most successful model.

There is little question that Andrew Carnegie, in the end, felt what Henry James has called "arrears of experience." At one moment in his old age he told the late T. P. O'Connor that he would have liked to make Faust's bargain! This transaction, one recalls, was made with the Devil, and involved the restoration of one's lost youth and a night with Helen of Troy.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

The End of an Alibi

High Low Washington, by 30 32. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 268 pages. $2.50.

OF ALL the recent books about the goings-on in the capital of the Most Powerful Nation on Earth, this strikes me as the most realistic, brilliant and effective analysis for men and women who lay claim to intellectual activity. The primary reason for this is that the authors, in addition to possessing an extensive knowledge of the actual happenings in Washington during the past two decades (plus an intimate acquaintance with the history of Europe, both ancient and modern), set down their observations from a detached philosophic point of view founded upon hard economic facts. They do not recite incidents and dwell on personalities merely for what they convey of information or rich humor. Instead the authors present these hilarious incidents and preposterous people as illustrations of a particular stage in the decay of capitalism.

Comparison of "High Low Washington" with another recent book on the same subject, "More Merry-Go-Round," is not only inevitable; it throws into contrast the methods employed by two sets of newspaper-correspondent authors. The aims of the two are similar: to expose the futility (or worse) of governmental conduct in the United States. In "More Merry-Go-Round" the authors crowd their work with episodes—a large number of them concerning the private lives of officials and others prominent in Washington—in the belief, apparently, that the episodes themselves will carry the argument. In the other case—the book now under review—the authors find bizarrely graphic evidence, in Washington's blend of fear, greed and publicity, that world economic forces are inexorably ushering in the system envisioned by Marx and first tried on a grand scale by his disciple, Lenin. The methods of the two books are to each other, perhaps, as the tabloids are to newspapers like The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In long-run influence upon the public mind, who will say which leads?

> Washington, agitated and self-conscious [say the authors in the chapter entitled, "We Want a Mussolini"], has become more and more aware of its changing position. When things were going well it could afford to ignore the changes in its relation to the rest of the country: changes political, geographical and economic. But at moments of crisis these things are not to be ignored. At the beginning of the decade that followed the collapse of the great American bonanza of the twenties, people were beginning to say in Washington that the position was no longer tenable. You could no longer maintain an eighteenth-century system of government in face of the conditions of the 1930's.

In elaboration of that situation and of the inevitable direction in which affairs are tending, the authors deal with every significant governmental move since the Great War. Their chapter on the "Grand Old Parties" is a keen analysis of the unrealistic positions of Republicans, Democrats and progressives alike. Their account of the fight waged by the ex-newspaper correspondent Oswald Schuette and the radio independents, against Owen D. Young and the Radio Corporation of Ameriea, discloses more clearly than anything else I have seen the true inwardness of the way things happen in Washington. That chapter, "David and Goliath"—and in fact the whole book—should be required reading in every political-economy

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course in the country. No, every voter should be compelled to read it and to ponder well this paragraph:

> In the Southwest they had a song with the refrain, "Hoover made a souphound outa me." Incorrect and unfair: but how safe. How very, very much safer than to have the same people going about singing the "Internationale" and "The Red Flag." Hoover made a souphound out of me, did he? All right then, let's elect Franklin Delano Roosevelt and everything will be hunky-dory, will it not? People could hear the rising mutter of discontent, "Down with. . . . " "Down with. . . . " Down with what? Not the capitalist system, for Heaven's sake? Dear me, no! Just "Down with President Hoover." In the eighteen months or so immediately following the stock-market crash, President Hoover was well on his way to becoming the Great American Alibi.

The underlying thesis of the authors is that the American people cannot get away with alibis much longer.

GARDNER JACKSON.

Trotsky on China and Germany

Problems of the Chinese Revolution, by Leon Trotsky. New York: Pioneer Publishers. 447 pages. $1.

What Next? Vital Questions for the German Proletariat, by Leon Trotsky. New York: Pioneer Publishers. 192 pages. 35 cents.

IN THESE pamphlets, Trotsky analyzes the political situation in China and in Germany and criticizes the official policies of the Communist party. The book on China is a collection of Trotsky's articles on the subject, to which other writings of the Opposition have been added. The editor asserts that the Stalinists have never allowed to be published the proceedings of the Communist International in regard to the Chinese revolution—including a speech by Stalin in defense of Chiang Kai-shek. Trotsky believes that Stalin spoiled the Chinese revolution by allying the Communists in China with the bourgeois nationalism of Chiang Kai-shek instead of sticking to the proletariat and peasants. There is included Trotsky's side of his interesting controversy with André Malraux over the latter's Chinese novel, "Les Conquérants."

The pamphlet on Germany discusses at length the prospects for revolution in Germany. Trotsky denounces the opinion of the official party, which holds that government by Social Democrats in Germany is just as bad from the Communist point of view as a dictatorship by Hitler, and that the Communists must simply wait until Fascism has run its course and is through. Trotsky contends that there are important differences between Social Democracy and Fascism—that Fascism is much more to be feared and should, if possible, be combated and averted, because it will mean the ruthless suppression of all workers' organizations and movements; and he condemns the phrase "social fascist" which the official party has invented to lump its two bourgeois enemies together. Instead of adopting an attitude of uncompromising hostility toward the Social Democrats, says Trotsky, the Communists in Germany should collaborate with them for certain specific ends in order that the real bourgeois character of the Social Democratic leadership may ultimately be shown up to the workers and the latter won over to the Communists. Trotsky accuses the Third International, under the domination of the Stalinist "bureaucrats," of alternate "zigzags" of intransigent Leftism and compromising opportunism.

Aside from the virulence of Trotsky's animus against Stalin, this is a very enlightening essay. Trotsky takes cognizance, in the course of his discussion, of "Left middle-class sympathy" with the Soviets, and comes to the conclusion that it is "too far removed from Bolshevism." "All these 'friends' of the U. S. S. R.," he says, "approach the problems of the Soviet state from the sidelines, as observers, as sympathizers, and occasionally as *flâneurs*. Of course, it accrues more to one's honor to be a friend of the Soviet Five Year Plan than a friend of the New York stock market. But . . . the first major failure of Moscow will suffice to scatter the majority of this public as dust flies before the wind."

E. W.

Rebel and Arch-Rebel

Barabbas, by Sara Bard Field. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 214 pages. $2.50.

A POET does not merely choose a theme and write about it. Living, he has learned some things and, to a great extent, is chosen by such subjects, such symbols as will best express what he has learned. "Barabbas" is a correct and dramatic narrative of a past period, but Sara Bard Field did not happen upon her theme accidentally during research into Jewish history; she is a modern poet and, through these figures of two thousand years ago, deliberately depicts a conflict as alive today as it was then. To regard "Barabbas" simply as a period poem, one would have to be unaware of one's own period.

Barabbas, the Robber, was a political prisoner, leader of a violent rebellion of Jews against Romans. Barabbas, rebel, a warrior, a general, fighting concrete facts in a concrete way; and Jesus, arch-rebel, a warrior against war, a hater of hate, a leader of men against themselves, a vague impossible fellow fighting in a vague impossible way; these are the figures in the poem.

Humanity is the rebel in the world—there is always the conflict between man's nature and nature—but within this revolutionary band, humanity, are two kinds of revolutionaries: the rebel and the arch-rebel, the fighter for today and the fighter for always. In its exposition of the conflict between them is the chief significance of this poem.

Almost all of us shout "Give us Barabbas!" We fight for today. We'd rather achieve even a small thing personally, than work among many for the achievement of a distant, great thing. We're on the side of *our lives;* "Life" is too vague. And aren't we right? Where would the creed of the arch-rebel lead us? "Passive Resistance" waits too patiently on wrong. "Right will prevail," we say, "and we are going to help it with all our *might!* We are the men of today. Give us Barabbas." Sara Bard Field gives us Barabbas, the keen fighting youth, the sure solid ambition. The man, Christ, is hardly there; even the crucifixion is the rebels' crucifixion. But the power of the arch-rebel is there; in the fighters for today grows the bewildering knowledge that there is more than today to fight for. The conflict is clear.

Mrs. Field maintains a simple and rigorous pattern of verse and thought. There are no charming, ambiguous, moody lines. It's straight verse. Some, considering it as a work of art, may find it old-fashioned. But the youngest school of poets, who believe that poetry can do something more than create a mood, will accept "Barabbas" as a work of life, as poetry.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

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Lion into Fox

Josephus, by Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

MOST HISTORICAL novels are written with the intelligence. The author learns as much as he can; he digests many books; he may even travel to the scene of his narrative, though this also is a form of reading. Then he sits down to write his book. He tries to overcome the disadvantage of writing about dead men by making it as lifelike as possible; and in his effort shuttles between writing about contemporary men to whom he gives historical names, and mere accuracy of historical detail.

"Josephus" is written with the intelligence—an intelligence of a high order, broad in its range and acute in its applications. Anyone familiar with Jewish history in the first century will admire the sureness of the settings, the clear understanding of the historical situation and the adroit use of it for the needs of the story. There is never excess, worked-up glamor or intruded information. Mr. Feuchtwanger understands the period so well that he paints the Jewish revolt against Rome in an aspect that, until recently, few historians have recognized. The revolt was an internal proletarian revolution as well as a rebellion against foreign domination. The two were one because Rome, using traditional imperial tactics, had taken the exploiting classes of Judea into partnership.

In these events the part that Josephus played is characteristic of ambitious men. A member of the upper classes, he made himself a leader of the lower classes as the quick way to office, and became one of the generals in the doomed campaign against Rome. He did his hopeless job well, holding the Roman army long enough before a minor fortress to save Jerusalem for a year. When the Romans finally stormed the place, Josephus hid with a small band in a cave. They were discovered; the little band decided on suicide. When it came time for Josephus to kill himself, he forgot his word, ran out and surrendered. The rest of the narrative relates how, upon such unpromising foundations as treachery and the half-contemptuous favor of his captors, he built a new career.

"Josephus" is thus a study of ambition, but it differs from other studies in treating ambition as a morbidity of character rather than as an element in the plot. Usually the ambitious man succeeded (the Alger heroes) or failed (Macbeth). The drama was in the outcome. Here the hero neither succeeds nor fails. The interest of the book is in studying the course of ambition within the man himself. Since ambition is almost inevitably a self-mutilation, we have a deformed hero. A truly great man attains distinction by fulfilling himself; a lesser man must attempt to cheat his destiny, to distort the pattern of his life. Josephus was a renegade, a traitor, a buffoon, as well as a general, a prophet and a historian. In the effort to understand this character, Mr. Feuchtwanger insensibly tends toward justifying it. He sees Josephus as the historic type of the Jew of the exile—the forced internationalist who has not given up his nation. This is an interesting intellectual feat, but it dries the emotions. We understand Josephus, but might have preferred to pity or hate him.

The minor characters—and they are numerous—are drawn with exquisite sharpness, reminding one of figures in Renaissance paintings in which even the least man in a crowd is given features and a personality. The narrative is well handled and continuously interesting. "Josephus" is a very good novel. It is a triumph of the intelligence.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Farewell to Westchester

No Poems, or Around the World Backwards and Sideways, by Robert C. Benchley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 330 pages. $2.

AFTER the revolution, there will be no more room, I suppose, for humor like that of Bob Benchley; and I shall miss it very much (assuming that I myself survive the revolution, and also assuming that there is one). For despite his youthful interest in Socialism (or as the Communists would say, What do you mean, despite?) he is the supreme chronicler of bourgeois life in America circa 1919-1929. The people in his books are all college graduates; most of them live in Westchester or its approximate social equivalent. Their incomes obviously range from $4,000 to $10,000 per annum. They are all (except, I assume, in regard to income) Bob Benchley; and when he pokes fun at himself, he also hits practically everyone in America who belongs in the book-buying stratum, or did belong there, B. D. He has thus been thoroughly in the Mark Twain-Josh Billings tradition, writing on the commonplaces of everyday life, his own and his readers', and deriving his effects as much from recognition as from grotesque juxtaposition.

His present book seems to me below the level of his previous work, not because his vein is running thin or he himself is tired, but because he seems dubious whether this sort of thing is any more appropriate in starving America. Under the pressure of his new uneasiness, he not only cuts away the ground beneath the feet of the bourgeoisie, but beneath his own feet while doing so. Every line of thought is suddenly repudiated and dropped. So fearful is he of eggs and vegetables that even in the middle of his most corroding imitation, he walks offstage. It is hard not to share his disillusionment; but after all, you should either give a show or return the patrons' money.

B. B.

Book Notes

History

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE, by Charles Seignobos. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 410 pages. $4.25.*

While one may not accept all the theoretical propositions of Professor Seignobos—for instance, that political authority and political *accidents* have always played the leading part in the history of France—yet it is impossible to praise too highly this compact history of the French people. It is an admirable achievement of erudition, as well as of condensed and lucid statement. It is a model of impartiality; there is not a trace of national or class bias, of patriotic self-glorification or of political passion. Above all, it is really a history of the French people, and not of its rulers, most of whom are not even mentioned by name. It traces the changes in politics, economics, religion, education, customs and manners, the rise and decline of social classes, from the most ancient times to the present day.

Travel

FLESH OF THE WILD OX, by Carleton S. Coon. *New York: William Morrow and Company. 348 pages. $2.75.*

When Spanish imperialism in North Africa came to grief in the wild sector of mountain land called the Rif, newspaper readers became acquainted with a new race of primitive warriors whom they wondered at, cheered on and forgot. The curiosity of anthropologists was more abiding. Mr. Coon, sent out by Harvard University to make studies, reached the Riffians before French imperialism, taking up the "mission," had finished imposing its peace upon the land. The strictly scientific products of Mr. Coon's

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work have been published elsewhere; but it is doubtful whether they are more valuable than the present book, even from the scientific point of view. Using a literary method analogous to that of O'Flaherty in those remarkable motion pictures "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," Mr. Coon isolates a few tribesmen and their families and sees them through their dangerous life spans. What is uncovered will not allure tender-minded people in their search for a refuge from civilization, for the rapacious, the greedy, the insensitive and the sly seem to have their own way, too, in the primitive Rif, and keep to it with fewer apologies than have been the custom among us. By writing books like this one Mr. Coon will succeed in saving a born novelist from becoming encysted in an anthropologist.

Verse

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE YOUNGER POETS, edited by Oliver Wells, with a preface by Archibald MacLeish. *Philadelphia: The Centaur Press. 198 pages. $3.*

This anthology includes the work of thirty-eight poets born between 1895 and 1910; among them are Hart Crane, George Dillon, MacKnight Black, Harry Crosby, Frances Frost, James Daly, William Faulkner and Kay Boyle. The editor, Mr. Oliver Wells, contributes a Foreword that is frank and brief enough to be quoted almost in full:

> This is an anthology of young American poets. It does not pretend to be complete. The eye of the editor cannot traverse the necessary leagues of print; or the young poet, wary in the autumn season, cannot be trapped into an anthology. Nevertheless, it is amazing how much good poetry—brilliant poetry—is being written and is included here.
>
> At present, interest in poetry is hugely absent. Poetry has no social value. It cannot be viewed in a gallery, audienced in a theatre or concert hall, and it nowhere meets the high standard of radio entertainment. As a Christmas present it is a necktie. So, in a mechanical age, it will have to wait the invention of some mechanism which will put it across. Meanwhile it can only lie under the sofa and perhaps snarl a little. . . .
>
> My own poems are included here because, to be unpolitic, anybody would be a fool to bring out a volume of this kind and not include his own work.

THE BORZOI CHAPBOOKS: Before March, by Archibald MacLeish; Rainbow, by Sylvia Townsend Warner; Prehistoric Burials, by Siegfried Sassoon: A Country House, by Sara Teasdale. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 8 pages each. $.50 each.*

Of these four chapbooks, "Rainbow," decorated by Ervine Metzl, and "Prehistoric Burials," decorated by Witold Gordon, are the most interesting pictorially. Miss Gorska's illustration for "Before March" recalls too vividly Rockwell Kent, and Mr. Roese's for "A Country House" suggests a high-toned advertisement. As for the verses, they scarcely warrant such careful presentation. Mr. MacLeish's lyric is charming, but too slight; Miss Teasdale is strangely ineffectual; Mr. Sassoon's poem is overburdened with adjectives and too wistful for its theme; Miss Warner's wit is obtrusive and her poem wants technical facility. To offer chapbooks like these as a substitute for ordinary Christmas cards is a delightful notion that ought to appeal to many. One regrets only that the four poets did not contribute more appealing samples of their work.

PAMPHLET SERIES ONE, edited by Kathleen Tankersley Young; (1) Two Poems, by Dudley Fitts; (2) Two Stories, by John Kemmerer; (3) A Statement, by Kay Boyle; (4) The Pepper Trees, by Kathleen Tankersley Young; (5) Wherefore: Peace, by Raymond Ellsworth Larsson; (6) Chicago Side-Show, by Albert Halper. *New York: The Modern Editions Press. 60 cents each.*

These six pamphlets of prose and poetry are exquisitely made and one is led, perhaps unreasonably, to expect nothing less than perfection of content from their exquisiteness and slenderness. John Kemmerer's two stories are delicately original. Kathleen Tankersley Young's prose pieces, lacking the discipline of poetic form (in which she has achieved a real beauty of balanced phrasing and a true sense of nostalgia) are childishly ecstatic. She has let the modernist preoccupation with words become *words*, and is singularly uncritical toward such tricks as reiterated adjectives —"the blue blue mountains." Albert Halper's slangy homesickness is more honest—it has at least a gusto, like the bawdy wind that sweeps through his beloved Chicago. Kay Boyle's strange poem, inspired by the paintings of El Greco and the writing of William Carlos Williams (!) is, in spite of the brilliant gayety of its references to George Washington and the poignant evocation of Poe, not satisfactorily representative. One regrets that her many beautifully sensuous lyrics are still hidden away in back numbers of little magazines. Dudley Fitts's poems have their own slight perfection, and "Wherefore: Peace," by Raymond Ellsworth Larsson, is reminiscent of the seventeenth century in its intricate and other-worldly beauty.

Fiction

THE SECOND SON, by Dominique Dunois. *Translated by Gladys Billings. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.*

This is the story of a French family nearly brought to ruin through the perversion of its peasant virtues. Grandmère Berthault's profound love of the soil, because it expresses her instinct for race preservation, exceeds her affection for individuals. Fearing a division of her land, she forbids her son and daughter-in-law, Honoré and Maria, to have a second son; and she is driven to violence by the discovery that they have disobeyed her. Honoré is compelled to leave the house, and his originally wholesome peasant pride, wounded by this humiliation, leads him to indirect crime. Even the submissiveness of Maria, who is too easily influenced by her husband and mother-in-law, becomes an active force for evil. Each of these three people is dominated by a quality or passion which has the power either to create or destroy. The grandmother's desire to protect her descendants' future, Honoré's manly pride in his independence and Maria's kindness—these potentially noble impulses become defects or even obsessions when carried too far, and deteriorate into ruthless ambition, arrogance and weakness. Skillfully Mme. Dunois recreates the lives of these people, tracing the psychological consequences of their folly.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, the London correspondent of The New Republic, contributes to The New Leader, The Clarion (both of London) and The World Tomorrow. He is the author of several volumes on literary and social subjects, the most recent being "Rebel India," which appeared in The New Republic Dollar Series.

Mary Heaton Vorse, who has been active in the labor movement both as an organizer and a journalist, reported the Western Farmers' Holiday this summer for Harper's. She is the author of a number of novels, of which the most recent is "Strike."

Talbot Faulkner Hamlin, a practising architect and the author of "The Enjoyment of Architecture" and "The American Spirit in Architecture," has for many years been a lecturer on that subject at Columbia University.

Smith Simpson is an economist, at present living in New York City.

John Peale Bishop, the author of "Many Thousands Gone" and other books, has been living in France during the past few years.

Matthew Josephson, who is at present a homesteader in Connecticut, has written several works of biography and criticism, the most recent being a life of Rousseau. He is now at work on a book dealing with the period during which Carnegie and Rockefeller rose to power.

Gardner Jackson has done newspaper work in various parts of the country and is now Washington correspondent for a number of Canadian papers and for several of the Scripps-Canfield chain on the Pacific Coast.

Marie de L. Welch, who has contributed poems to magazines both in this country and abroad, recently returned to her native state of California after a brief stay in New York City.

Isidor Schneider, author of a novel and a volume of verse, is at present completing his second novel.

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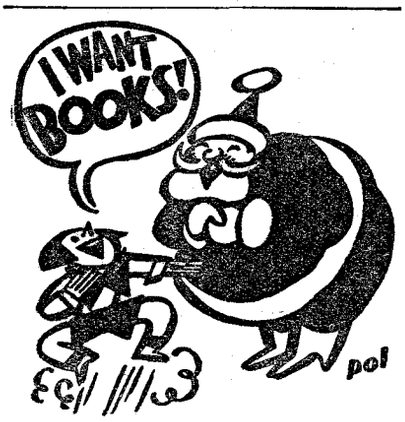

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